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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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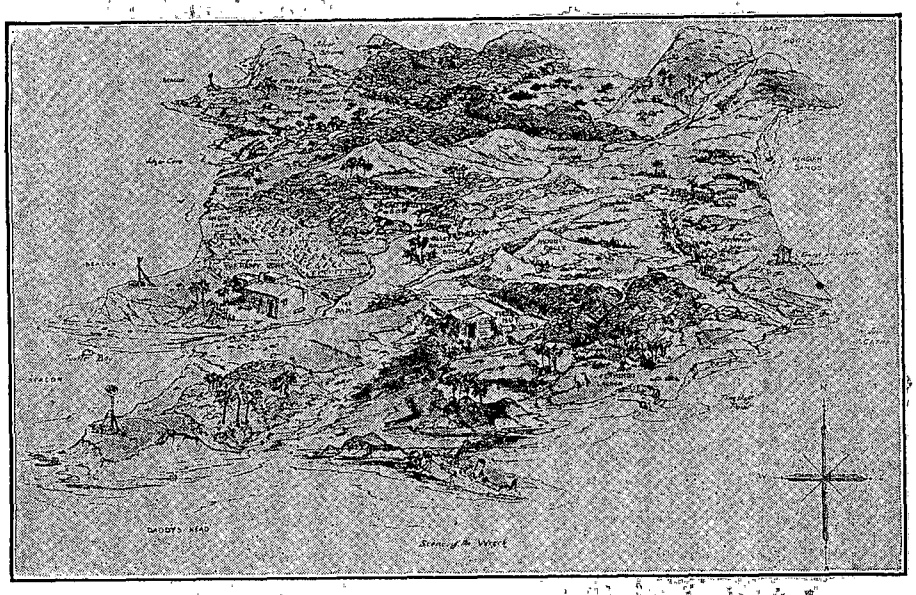

MAP OF THE ISLAND OF THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON
From "The Admirable Crichton," by James M. Barrie (Scribners).

Poetry and Miss Monroe

IN another part of this issue is printed a long letter entitled, "Shall we Let it Die?" It refers directly to the periodical, *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, which was started by Miss Harriet Monroe some eighteen odd years ago as a forum for the presentation of the poetry then new at a time when our leading American poets, such as Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, and Amy Lowell were beginning their careers. Miss Monroe has always had the pioneer spirit. She enlisted financial backing and bravely conducted *Poetry* from that time on. With an admirable catholicity of taste and sympathy with modern experimentation she printed the most advanced work of the time, distinguishing, on the whole, quite reasonably between the real thing and the merely faddist product.

Miss Monroe has made her fame secure as an editor. Her poetry magazine has not its like in any other country. Others in America came after it, and some of merit, but none displayed the liveliness, the variety, the fighting spirit of *Poetry* in its heydey. It was a rallying ground for the resurgence of an art long despised and rejected of men in America. It saw artistic history made, and helped make it. It lent encouragement to a wealth of new expression that had been stifled for years. Now, in this Time of Depression it seems that *Poetry* cannot persist. It cannot secure enough funds to endure. Yet its discontinuance will reflect discreditably upon the American people. It is one of the few periodicals devoted solely to one art that has persisted in independence and high ideals. It has done a great deal to foster the best poetry written in the country. Its roster of contributors can boast the most distinguished names in the poetic art in America. It should continue as poetry's rallying ground.

The devoted and unselfish service that Miss Monroe has rendered on behalf of American poetry cannot be overestimated. There have been others enlisted in that service but no one who has fought more continuously with her whole soul for the recognition of poetry as one of the vital necessities in American life than Miss Monroe. In an age of materialism she has encouraged every manifestation of the esthetic and kept the spiritual fires burning. For a time, as editor, she did this almost single-handed, and her editorial work involved unremitting assiduity. Her enthusiasm helped lift our national poetry from the realm of stereotyped magazine verse and lent it vitality and imaginative scope.

Poetry needs a guarantee of about five thousand dollars a year to keep going, or what—at least until very recently—would be considered merely the average salary of one individual. Only in this case it must cover all expenses, including printing and the payment of contributors. Even in these times it does not seem too much to expect that it may be underwritten for this amount by a certain number of those who realize the incalculable worth to a nation of the finer intellectual and spiritual values. Many regard poetry as the highest type of creative writing. Yet circumstances are still such in the realm of current periodicals that no amount of space commensurate with its importance can be given to poetry. Miss Monroe provided that space. She also provided an open forum without fear or favor. A free wind of expression has always rustled the leaves of *Poetry*. Like every editor ever known Miss Monroe has had

(*Continued on page 17*)

Prayer of the Naturalist

By LAURA E. RICHARDS

LET me be dreary, O god of the garbage-can!
Let me be dreary, and largely obscene!
All that is bright, may I see it obfusculate,
All that is gold, may I see it as green!

Green not of grass that the donkey may nibble at,
Green not of leaves that may pleasure the fool!
Nay! but of mould that the sexton may dibble at;
Nay! but of slime that o'er-mantles the pool!

Give me for Music a stridor stentorian;
Give me for Beauty the contents of sinks;
Give me for Fragrance no attars Victorian,
Nay! but a compound of manifold stinks;

Let me be dreary, O god of the garbage-can,
Let me be dreary, and largely obscene,
Grant me obscurity, grant me impurity,
But for the sake of an anguished futurity,
Make it not easy to see what I mean!

Barrie and His "M'Connachie"

By ARTHUR COLTON

SOMETHING more than a generation, and one more than normally eventful, has passed since we first became aware of Barrie, and began remarking that another Scotch talent had joined the long procession. Two books of the "kailyard" school came out at about the same time, "Auld Licht Idylls" and "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." The "Briar Bush" had the larger popular vogue, and some of us may agreeably remember the critical acumen with which we decided that the "Idylls" was the real thing and the "Briar Bush" was not. About the nature and definition of this real thing we were disputatious, and still are; but presumably we meant that the "Idylls" and the "Window in Thrums" had a savor and charm, the trick of making humanity interesting, something like the "Annals of a Parish," or "Cranford," or "The Vicar of Wakefield."

Have you noticed
Your cullion's hanging face? A bit of chalk,
And trust me but you would, though.

The question is, what has this eventful generation and the rest of Barrie's career done to that first impression?

In his rectorial address at St. Andrew's, in 1919, Sir James advised the debaters of the Students' Union not to forget to speak scornfully of the Victorian age, because there was danger of meekness when later on they would be trying to better it. The danger was perhaps exaggerated. One does not have to be better in order to be scornful; one only has to be different. But he had experienced some of that intra-generational scorn. Barrie is a Victorian; not as a matter of dates but of characteristics, much as Jane Austen is eighteenth century. The pieties and proprieties are all there, the soft sentiment and the whimsical fancy. For in the intricate web of English nineteenth century literature from Lamb to Barrie the whimsical is a conspicuous thread. No other time and country produced such nonsense verse. Whim is an air-nourished orchid, only bred by super-prosperous cultures. A nineteenth century Addison would have been less smoothly surfaced, more shot with flickering lights. Twentieth century fancy has put on harness and turned its butterflies into bees. Mr. Chesterton is perhaps a talent naturally whimsical but afflicted with convictions. At any rate, Barrie is a Victorian, though his bibliographical dates are not.

Most of his writings have a touch of autobiography in them. A rough outline of his personal and literary life, with intimate glimpses here and there, can be put together from his collected works.* What his reticences may be need not concern us. Boyhood in a Scotch village (Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, born 1860); education at Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University; work on a Manchester newspaper; the unsuccessful siege of periodicals with "Auld Licht Idylls" and other material; free lance journalism in London; acceptances by the *St. James' Gazette*, and by *The British Weekly* under the editorship of Robertson Nicoll; publication of "Better Dead" (1887), a suicide skit where the influence of Stevenson is rather distinct; publication of "Auld Licht Idylls" by Hodder and Stoughton (1888), "The Edinburgh Eleven" (1888), and "When a Man's Single" (1888). The last was written for *The British Weekly*, never more than two chapters ahead, and usually only one—"I could feel its breath on my neck." The mature Barrie of the genial prefaces thinks poorly of it. It was prentice work, on a theme used several times again (finally in masterful fashion in the play, "What Every Woman Knows"), the theme of the obscure young Scot seeking and arriving at fame and fortune, more or less by the path the author was travelling. But he had not at that date quite satisfactorily arrived. "A Window in Thrums" appeared in 1889; the essays called "My Lady Nicotine" in book form in 1890. The essays are pleasant but not remarkable, on familiar models of pleasantry. Elia and Ike Marvel had described before him the pleasures of smoking and the melancholy of reform. With Barrie the theme was only reversely autobiographical. He was gingerly tasting his first pipe, and not liking it, when the essays were started, but "by the time the assumed character had clearly demonstrated the folly of smoking I was a convert to the practice."

In the Introduction to "The Little Minister" he only remarks that it begins better than it goes on; that at Robertson Nicoll's demand he had enlarged Babbie's mouth, but refused another inch to the Minister's stature. He seems to have been always a clear-headed self critic. He wanted success, it still eluded him, but he had a shrewd idea where it lay. In the Thrums atmosphere he always did something like the real thing, but away from Thrums he weakened. The right recipe then, ought to be a plot full of ginger and excitement, somehow or other planted in Thrums; and it was. The success of the novel (1891) was carried further by the enormous success of the play (published 1897). If it was Charles Frohman and Maude Adams who persuaded him to make a play of it, and turned his mind to the stage, their service to literature was considerable.

The long novel in two parts called "Sentimental Tommy" (1896) and "Tommy

* THE WORKS OF J. M. BARRIE. Edition limited. 14 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930-1931. The volumes seem to be mainly in the order of their composition or first publication, and to most of them Barrie has added a short comment by way of preface.

This Week

"CIVILIZATION OF FRANCE."
Reviewed by CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO.

"THE SPIRIT OF WORLD POLITICS."
Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON.

"THE YEAR OF REGENERATION."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

"THE RIDDLES OF SCIENCE."
Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH.

"HORIZON FEVER."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"CHARLOTTE BRONTË."
Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT.

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and Grizel" (1900) was intended as the study of the "artistic temperament" in a grown up Tommy, his early life only summarized. But Thrums, as usual, ran away with the subject. Tommy proved loath to grow up, like Peter Pan; and with as justified a reluctance, for young Tommy was another book on Thrums and grown up Tommy is of no very great interest.

In the year 1900 to 1901 I was living in London, not far from Camden Hill, whose interest to me was chiefly a tennis court; and from Nottinghill Gate, which is notable both as a Tuppenny Tube station and as a convenient entrance to Kensington Gardens. The Broad Walk, Round Pond, and Serpentine were the scenes of my daily walk and contemplation. Another man seems to have been walking there at the same time, contemplating to more considerable results, finding inspiration in nursemaids and perambulators (which never struck me that way), transforming that pleasant but not remarkable park into a sort of nursery Midsummer Night's Dream. He must have enjoyed himself immensely. In the Introduction to "The Little White Bird," in this "Peter Pan" edition, all he has to say of its origin is that some lady told him she had long meditated a book with that title. He tried to make her write it by threatening to do it himself if she did not; she did not, so he had to. Some titles are inspired, and the inspiration does not go beyond the title page. But neither this title (not very remarkable), nor perambulating infancy on the Broad Walk (in no wise unique) would have brought about this particular book (published 1902) through any other medium than Barrie. It was the beginning of that children's fairyland, located so far as anywhere in Kensington Gardens, and carried into celebrity by "Peter Pan," the play (published 1904). Barrie does not remember writing the play. He supposes there must have been some such inky process, but it existed already in memory. It was composed piecemeal by himself and five small boys, and acted as it grew. "Peter and Wendy" (1911) was written long after and is the play put into narrative. These three are the Barrie known to several millions of children, and perhaps in some degree responsible for the prevalence of Peters in the now advancing generation.

Barrie's works, then, can be roughly grouped as: Thrums stories; Peter Pan stories; a miscellaneous group of essays, addresses, and biography, including "Margaret Ogilvy"; finally the Plays. Beside "The Little Minister" there were two early plays, apparently not successful, "The Professor's Love Story" (1895) and "The Wedding Guest" (1900). From 1903 on the output was almost wholly dramatic.

In the same rectorial address at St. Andrew's (in which a Victorian by temperament nevertheless appealed with extraordinary effect to post-war twentieth century youth) Barrie remarked a personal difficulty in so appealing with straight talk to the young about to face the hard realities of life. For his own career had been concerned with making puppets, "playing hide and seek with angels." The true Barrie indeed was a dour, practical person, canny, reserved, and standing firm on those hard realities; but there was another personality inhabiting his head and doing most of the talking, who was a flitting, fanciful sort that preferred to fly around on one wing and "make believe." To this irresponsible inhabitant, this writing half of himself, he had given the name of "M'Connachie," in the vain hope that by the isolation of a name he might be kept in his place.

A writing half or "artistic temperament" tends to be self centered, and then egotistic; naturally, since its life flutters about the flame of its own fancy; and the fiction maker who takes this temperament for his theme, must, "as he broods over the horrid thing, take woeful note of his own subjection to it—I wanted to have a 'go' at that temperament as one strikes at a wasp, and I made the wasp a much larger wasp than ever troubled me."

Of course, consciousness of the thing in oneself gives zest as well as detail to the attack. Meredith's "Egoist" is painful reading to most of us because most of us have the thing in us (distastefully regarded by what we choose to think our better natures) and Meredith's study is logical, relentless, and concentrated. But Barrie weakens and scatters. His M'Connachie cannot stay on the track. The juvenile Tommy as a type is not likely to have been born with a Flaubertian passion for the one perfect inevitable word; nor has Tommy's accidental death any logic in it. But the main trouble is that Tommy does not seem to be quite real. He is put together of various things observed, but they do not all of them belong together. The analysis itself suffers from sentimentalism. An egotistic Tommy, always making believe, is the basis of the type, but why "Sentimental Tommy?" He is disliked not because he is sentimental, but because he is a "false loon." The writing halves of other writers, even Victorian, are not all sentimental. But Barrie seems to have felt sentimentalism to be something basic in his M'Connachie. And apparently it was.

What is sentimentalism?

> And think ye na my heart was sair
> When I laid the mould on his yellow hair?

Is that sentimental?

> Oh my dear heart, young Jesus sweet,
> Come make thy cradle in my spreit
> And I sall rock thee in my heart.

Would that be sentimental if it were not so old? The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" contains an authentic thrill, and three of its stanzas are squarely on the key, but the third verse sags, and with the fifth enters the sentimental. The soldiers of the Civil War sang "John Brown's Body," and our realistic age understands their preference. Still, however "high brow," or femininely heroic, there are three stanzas in the "Hymn" that are authentic. But "In the beauty of the lilies" is pure gush.

The eighteenth century objected to pyrotechnics and disorderly fancies, Elizabethan or Jacobean. Our objection to the Victorians is chiefly perhaps to their sentimentalism. After an era of distaste for the tidal emotions of the era preceding it and of preference in all things for reasonable arrangement and control, comes an [illegible] waves; not with the same flotsam and jetsam on its surface, but with some resemblance in respect to surf and foam; until again the "moon led waters" retire, and the sensible land emerges and grows dry. The reasonable beaches and solid rocks come up with a certain respect for the inside body of the tide, the reality of whose force and impact they can hardly deny, but for the spume and sputter and sloppiness they have no use. We hanker to hear hard, substantial things called by hard, substantial names, not silvered over with wet moonshine. We are "fed up" with pretty fancies and invertebrate feelings, and we harshly call sentimental a vast deal that seemed to our fathers and mothers merely like "Douglas, tender and true." The word has spread its meaning from the slippery emotionalism of Laurence Sterne to a field whose width and variety is the measure of our reacting distaste. Sterne did not invent the thing any more than eighteenth century ladies invented the "vapors," but he specialized in it and pointed the idea. Sentimentalism, as Barrie conceived and disliked it in Thomas Sandys, is of the Sterne species. It rather demands a "false loon" to go with it. But the sentimentalism of Barrie's "writing half" in "The Little White Bird," and elsewhere, has nothing to do with "false loons." He is a Victorian, and probably does not call that sort of thing sentimentalism. Nowadays most of us do. We do not object to Victorian sentimentalism as necessarily dishonest or unreal. We object when the sweetness is all out of proportion to the light.

Barrie has been somewhere quoted on Kipling's extensive and worldly knowingness, that he would have learned more if he had stayed at home and talked with his mother. The comment has point. But if it is sound doctrine and safe maxim, the "Peter Pan" stories ought to have a better chance of becoming a children's classic than the "Jungle Book" stories, and I think the "Jungle Book" stories have the better chance. The Kensington Gardens saga is light fingered, felicitous, and has been delightful, but the result of rereading it in parallel with a children's classic like "Alice in Wonderland," is much the same as putting "Tommy and Grizel" beside "The Egoist," or even "Auld Licht Idylls" beside a minor classic like John Galt's "Annals of a Parish." The Barrie books seem frail in the comparison, and to our present palates sentimental. "Quality Street" is "Cranford" with too much sugar in it. Lewis Carroll's middle-aged sentimentalism ran away with him disastrously in "Silvie and Bruno," but in "Alice" it is almost miraculously not there.

And yet, if we still take pleasure in "Cranford," why should not our posterity take pleasure in the "Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums"? Is the humor of "Cranford" any more pervasive and peculiar? Has it a better knack of making humanity interesting? What is "the real thing"? In "Margaret Ogilvy" is described the entertainment of the Barrie family over his inability to keep his mother out of his books. Jess, Babbie, Grizel, Wendy, Mary in "The Little White Bird," Maggie in the play "What Every Woman Knows," they are all Margaret Ogilvy, or some of her. Wherever a woman character took on vitality, the vitality was apt to have something to do with Margaret Ogilvy. This Barrie woman looks like a perennial. Fictional characters which interest generation after generation do it by recognition and renewal, much as the electric current in long distance telephoning is reinforced at intervals. Chaucer's Prioress and Knight and Squire appear in some form or other again and again, in fiction and in fact; the sensitive lady, the inbred gentleman, the curly haired sophomore with eager eyes. So do the Host and the Wife of Bath, broad beamed, lusty, and loud. And the Barrie woman, with her witchery and shrewdness, looks like something perennially recognizable, and hence an enduring creation.

A CARICATURE OF BARRIE BY LOW
From "Lions and Lambs"
(Harcourt, Brace)

Between the end of Restoration drama and the last decade of the nineteenth century there were only three comedies in English of any literary importance (these three bunched in the years 1773 to 1777) and no tragedies of importance both literary and theatrical. Whether the revival of the last generation is destined to a larger or lesser status and estimate than Restoration drama, we are too near it to say. How is one to argue the wit of Wycherly and Congreve in competition with Wilde and Shaw? The modern drama seems to have deeper roots and is at any rate more varied. Restoration comedy was all of a kind, but the range over Synge, Barrie, O'Neill, Galsworthy, Jones, Shaw, and Wilde is over an assortment of very different things. Restoration drama was rigidly either comedy or tragedy, but that caste line is not native to English. It has always been a doctrine rather than an instinct. Shakespeare did not care for it. His tragedies are all shot with comedy. "Measure for Measure" has a tragic mood and a happy ending. In modern drama these formulas are more than ignored; they are forgotten. It cares nothing for classification. The critics may give names if they have to, or can find them.

One of the names found for the new drama was "the drama of ideas," which may have only looked to such tendencious dramatists as Shaw and Galsworthy, but it serves as well to mark another distinction. The stage plays of the generation preceding were theatrically good, but they were stuffed with sawdust. The old "Baker" plays played well. They were full of the tricks of the trade. Their makers were expert in "sob stuff" and knew how to raise a laugh or arrange a thrill. But there was no more vitality in them than in a novel by E. P. Roe. They were empty shells of technique. There is no standard comedy by Lamb, or Thackeray; and especially none by Dickens, which is lamentable. If Galsworthy and Barrie had lived fifty years earlier, they would have written no plays. Bernard Shaw describes his own part in it as an independent revolt. His occupation as a dramatic critic began to make him mentally, and almost physically, ill. Nightly attention to current drama was reducing his brains to mush. If a dramatic critic were to keep any intelligence at all, there would have to be a drama about which something intelligent could be said. He began to write plays in desperation.

However it began—and the ultimate causes of such phenomena are never really discoverable—vitality once more turned into the channel of the drama. All this is an old story. But the moral of it here is that Barrie, in this respect, is not a Victorian. He is one of the men of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries who brought back vitality to English drama. A play does not last long on the stage unless it is also literature. Instead of the "drama of ideas," we might describe the revival as the return to the stage of plays that were both good to play and good to read. In literature the drama is a form of fiction, a way of telling a story. It has some advantages and some disadvantages. It seems to flourish hardily in literature only when it has one foot solidly on the stage. On the other hand the stage produces almost no durable drama which is not also durable literature, and largely the durability rests on print. The exceptions are very few. Stage memory is short, but literary memory is long. Even Shakespeare and Molière would have little or no stage existence now without their hosts of readers. "The Senator," by Bronson Howard, may have acted as effectively as "Heartbreak House" or "The Admirable Crichton," but off the stage it is a piece of mechanism; it lies inert with lack-lustre eyes, and hence the stage knows it no more. "Heartbreak House" and "The Admirable Crichton" are alive; they flash and glow in print; and hence we may argue that the stage will not forget them. Prophecy is vain, but one likes to argue.

Barrie uncovered several talents in the course of his career, but none more unpredictable than his flair for the stage. His stage instinct is uncanny, and far more infallible than Shaw's. I have never seen a Barrie play that anywhere dragged, or lost out, or went wrong. Who else could make such a theme as "Dear Brutus" go over the footlights, and then hold one to a book with the same ghostly grip? If any work of Barrie's takes its place among the minor classics, it will probably be some of the plays, and possibly the "Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums." Possibly in time our feeling about sentimentalism will grow less sweeping and combative, and some things now opprobriously so classed may again seem, as to our forbears, merely "tender and true." Those words themselves may no longer give one the sense of something soft and sickly. Tenderness is not sickly if it is true. Sentiment is at least as natural as cynicism. There are limits to the fascinations of the hard boiled. Tastes and distastes are not institutions in perpetuity, and frailer looking things than these Barrie plays have marvellously perendured the drums and tramplings of centuries.

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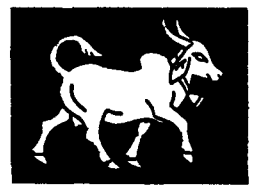

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The PHŒNIX NEST

A DOCUMENT we have lately enjoyed reading came to us from the Argus Book Shop, 333 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, and is entitled "Along the North Wall." It is the informal chatting of a rare book dealer concerning certain wares on his shelves as he runs through them alphabetically. The pamphlet of thirty-nine pages reveals, incidentally, his particular pets, and also the kind of book and publishing practice that he finds distasteful. We wish that more of our second-hand and rare-book dealers would occasionally issue such informalities. There is considerable here concerning the English artist, *John Austen,* concerning *James Branch Cabell, Norman Douglas's* "South Wind," and so on. There is also discussion of certain limited and illustrated editions published by the Argus Book Shop. The alphabetical discussion does not get to the end of the "D"s, but all of it is interesting and reveals an intimacy with the fine flower of literature. . . .

We are particularly interested to learn from Putnam that *Burton Rascoe* is at work on a popular study of the development of literature, in one volume, to be called "Titans of Literature: From Homer to the Present." It will be out in November, and it is said to stress the biographical side. Burton is one of the most widely read people we know, and eminently well fitted for this job. His history should be full of color and flavor. . . .

We greatly like the title of *E. M. Delafield's* newest work of fiction, which is "A Good Man's Love." E. M. Delafield is a fine satirist, and we are glad that The Book League of America has chosen "A Good Man's Love" for August. We have been a Delafield admirer for some time. *Dr. Richard Burton* declares that as he read the book he had to search back to Jane Austen for a parallel, and that is certainly, as he says, high praise. . . .

Alpheus Butler is a young American Negro author who is a Fellow in English at Fisk University. He compiled "The Parnassian," a collection of prose and poetry. Now the Christopher Publishing House of Boston, Massachusetts, has just published a collection of his sonnets and lyrics under the title "Make Way for Happiness." . . .

We have ascertained that the long poem by a *Benét,* referred to last week, is "Rip Tide: A Novel in Verse," to be published in September by Duffield & Green. It is by *William Rose Benét,* one of the editors of this periodical. . . .

Harry Alan Potamkin informs us that he is conducting a course on the cinema this fall, beginning in October, at the New School for Social Research. The course, he says expansively, will be "historical and contemporary, retrospective and prospective, social and esthetic, extensive and intensive, national and international, and its data will be based on original research and intimate experience here and abroad." What could be fairer than that? The lectures will also be illustrated by film-excerpts, full films, and other accessories. Speakers from different film fields will supplement the lecturer. . . .

From Stokes we hear that *Izzy Einstein,* the prohibition sleuth, is one of their autumn authors with a book of prohibition reminiscences called "Prohibition Agent No. 1." He avers, "Professor Albert Einstein makes his discoveries in the sky, but Izzy Einstein made his down in the cellar!" . . .

Mary Austin's autobiography, to be published in November in an illustrated octavo volume at four dollars by Houghton Mifflin, should be a particular delight, owing to her wide acquaintance with most of the most interesting people of her time, and her naturally graphic gift for writing. This that she says of President Hoover has attracted our attention. It gives an excellent idea of her style:

> The next thing that happened after the war was Herbert Hoover. He had fallen into a way of crossing over, and wirelessing me to have breakfast with him, and talk. Sometimes I went down to Washington with him and listened to him talk. He was trying then to get into something over here. He had ideas: a newspaper, a promoting school for mines, something that would interest and keep him occupied. That was what we talked about. But he didn't know what he wanted; ideas kept rising around him and falling away again. Things came up in his mind and turned over, showing white bellies like fish in a net. He had the conception of great ideas, but he could never bring them to birth.

Random House has published *George Gershwin's* "Song Book," which is worth your attention because it contains this young composer's eighteen greatest song hits, each song followed by Gershwin's own piano arrangement as he has played it. There are also illustrations in color by *Alajalov* and a special song is inserted in a pocket in the inside back cover. This is "Mischa, Yascha, Toscha, Sascha," Gershwin's hilarious summary of the violinist racket, never before published. The edition is limited to three hundred copies at twenty bucks a throw and was heavily oversubscribed before publication! What price the Depression now! . . .

Random House will also publish in the Fall *Dorothy Bussy's* unabridged translation of *André Gide's* autobiography, which has sold over 50,000 copies in both German and French editions. An unabridged trade edition was deemed unadvisable in America because of the author's detailed and uncompromising chapters on homosexuality; so the Random House edition will be a strictly limited one. . . .

As we write this we understand that the once-populous mining-town of Central City, fifty miles west of Denver, has been thrilled by the appearance of *Miss Lillian Gish* in "Camille," in the old "opry" house, where they engaged *Robert Edmond Jones* as producer and the airy fairy Lillian as casting director and star, with *Raymond Hackett* playing Armand. At this writing they are in the midst of a week's run, and it is reported that every seat for every one of the ten performance has been sold, at—can it be!—we read, $100 a seat! Thus the "opry" house becomes a permanent memorial to the mining industry in Colorado, though by no law of logic. Anyway, in early October *Albert Bigelow Paine* will produce a biography of the actress called "Life and Lillian Gish," to be published by Macmillan. We prefer *Dorothy Gish.* . . .

The New English Weekly seemed to pay some attention to our words concerning the erroneous idea that *Ezra Pound* is neither under-appreciated or unknown. Mr. Pound himself contributed a comment quivering on the verge of the intelligible. Mr. *I. K. Fletcher,* incidentally, remarked that the best collection of Mr. Pound's writing is the "Personæ," published by Boni & Liveright in 1926. At last we find a statement with which we can agree! But everybody seemed slightly upset. Why? If we do not agree that Mr. Pound is the greatest living American man of letters, why all the gnashing of teeth—why Mr. Pound's own charges that we are a deep sea mollusc, like the others, "tittering and dithering in fear for their salaries?" Our own salary has reached a point at the present writing where there doesn't seem very much to titter or dither about! As we recall it, what we did back in May was to take a fall out of a plainly bad piece of writing by *R. H. C.* in *The New English Weekly.* We still think it one of the worst examples of critical writing we have run across in some time. We intimated in our comments that our opinion of Mr. Pound's work differed from R. H. C's, but as we were not writing critically of Mr. Pound, we did not labor that point. What still seems to us the most utter tripe is to state that Mr. Pound has not received adequate critical appreciation in America. He has even received adulation. With the adulation we do not agree. He has done some good work, but so have a number of other people. To us, he is by no means a colossus. But there has certainly never been any sort of conspiracy against recognition of his work. . . .

If to have one's own independent view of the work of a writer, and to express it, be to "poison opinion," as Mr. Pound suggests, we are willing to leave him with the last word. As for our anonymity, it is no very thick veil. . . .

And in our fairly wide acquaintance with the commentators on books in America and with the members of American publishing firms, we have not discovered all the pusillanimity and gross ignorance Mr. Pound appears to descry from abroad. We respect the intelligence and integrity of many of these men. We know their fearlessness and initiative.

THE PHOENICIAN.

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smaller book is Dr. Bruette's "Modern Dogs" (Watt), also a recent publication. "Gun Dogs," by P. R. Chalmers (Scribner), has a dozen water-color plates with facts and experiences about hunting dogs. E. H. Richardson tells a life's experience in "Forty Years with Dogs" (McKay); he conducted the British War Dog School in the Great War, and his earlier book, "Watch-Dogs: Their Training and Management" (Houghton Mifflin), had a picture that comes to my mind whenever I marvel at the touching fashion in which a dog lends himself to the strange ways of man. It showed a war dog steadily trotting ahead, all alone, laying telephone wire in the danger zone.

The most popular dog-story of 1931 was "Igloo" (Putnam), by J. B. Walden, the story of Byrd's dog. The latest this year is "Bing" (Morrow), the story of a tramp-dog by the popular Thomas C. Hinkle.

T. P. D., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks if there is a book about the technique of watercolor painting. "Making Watercolor Behave," by Eliot O'Hara (Minton, Balch), is a beginner's book with detailed instructions consisting largely of photographs of watercolors in process of construction, the hand of the artist shown in position: there are a great many of these. "Practical Water-Color Sketching," by F. G. Lutz (Scribner), is another new manual by one who has provided many amateurs and ambitious students with sensible advice; this one will be a help to those who love to sketch.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

IN the heat of the zodiac, Old Quercus refreshes himself by re-reading some of his favorite writers on wine —e. g., Professor Saintsbury's *Notes on a Cellar-Book* and H. Warner Allen's *The Wines of France*. Then, just to tantalize, in the London *Saturday Review* he finds that excellent Mr. Warner Allen writing:

> At this time of the year, no wine is so delightful as Moselle. It is light and gay with the most refreshing touch of acidity, and all its qualities are at their best if is it drunk cold at the temperature of the cellars from which it comes. I have no hesitation in recommending the wine-lover who finds himself oppressed with heat to sit down in the shade with a bottle of the 1929 vintage before him and quench his thirst with gaiety. There is no better way of bringing Moselle to the right temperature than by lowering the bottle in a bucket into the depths of a well.
>
> There are few wine districts more charming than the Moselle valley. It is a smiling, peaceful countryside, little known to tourists, almost free of char-à-bancs and lorries, and in places difficult of access. The roads cross and recross the Moselle, rarely by a bridge, more often by the intermediary of a pontoon ferry. The ferry is worked entirely by the flow of the stream against the boat, which is made fast to a pulley running on a high wire stretched across the river from shore to shore.

PLINY'S LUXURIOUS ROMAN VILLAS! exclaims the catalogue of Dauber & Pine's bookshop, listing (for $1.50) Geoffrey Bret Harte's book on the Pastimes of the Roman Gentleman. And then, almost overcome by the contrast between the life of Pliny and that of Nether Fifth Avenue, he continues in an ecstasy of wistfulness:

> Fresh-colored and vivid frescoes, some of an erotic nature, covered the walls of every chamber; painted tapestries from Babylon and Persia were utilized to separate one apartment from another; a long, low gallery lined with couches fronted the sea, but a gallery on one side of the villa overhung a garden filled with fruit-trees and beds of violets; sumptuous courts held each their bath or pool of pastel-colored marble, fed unceasingly with running water; every niche had a bearded, household Herm, cunningly carved from "Antico Gallo," the yellow, Numidian marble of northern Africa, to which were daily offered the choicest fruits and the loveliest flowers; ordinary meals consisted of wine, bread, honey, grapes, and cheese; a cool breeze came down from the Appenines across the purple vineyards every night after sunset. What a life to have lived and what a world to have lived in!

Not many of us, ruminated Old Quercus, are likely to lead the Life of Pliny in that sort of villa. But the best counterpoise is remembering some of those in much worse luck. Out of 10,000 children in New York City under the care of the Charity Organization Society this summer, the Society can only hope to send 400 who need it most urgently to the country for a short stay. To do this, the C. O. S. needs to raise $1,200—which seems pitifully little—to pay for shoes, nightclothes, train fares, and an occasional ice cream cone. No one needs at this date to plead the honor and courage of the C. O. S., which needs help now more than ever before. Trade Winds would be proud if this little memorandum might be the means of sending a few of these 400 children to the space they need. The giver's reward may be found by re-reading William Blake's *Songs of Experience*. Contributions can be sent to Miss Clare M. Tousley, Assistant Director, The Charity Organization Society, 105 East 22 Street, New York City.

Refreshingly different from most catalogues is a booklet from the Argus Book Shop of 333 South Dearborn Street, Chicago. It is called *Along the North Wall*, viz. the shelves where the Argus keeps its first editions; the anonymous bibliosoph (can it be Mr. Ben Abramson?) begins with A and proceeds alphabetically among his offerings, emitting a vigorous soliloquy and much candid and controversial chat. After 38 pages of lively going he finds he has only got as far as letter D. There isn't space here to quote any of Mr. Argus's argument: the booklet is well worth writing for.

The Oxford University Press (American Branch) insists that Old Quercus erred in saying that Grose: *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, is available only by private treaty. It is on sale through the regular bookstore channels, price $8.

Ralph W. Owen of Eau Claire, Wis., writes the pleasing oddity that the name of the elevator girl in the Eau Claire Hotel is Statia Nairy. He suggests we refer this to Ripley's publishers.

The best cockroach story for some time is told by Captain S. G. S. McNeil, late skipper of the *Mauretania*—but this roach was not in that famous ship but in an Eastern vessel. It can't have been Mr. Marquis's archy, for Captain McNeil says "It was not a nasty black land cockroach, but a dainty, golden, ladylike ship's cockroach, smaller than a honey-bee. It came out in the doctor's cabin for a stroll always exactly at 9 p. m., but only when the Skipper was there. (An evident case of morganatic affection.) The doctor gave if a whiff of chloroform. It staggered away, rather groggy.

"This cockroach," says Captain McNeil in his entertaining book *In Great Waters* (Harcourt)

> "came out every night when we were talking; but not when the doctor was alone. Its hour was 9 p. m., and each night it got its dose of chloroform. Every dose was a longer one than its predecessor, but the cockroach's period of unconsciousness grew even smaller. After about ten days it was practically immune from the effects of any dose; that is, it could stagger off home without being completely doped. Under this evening treatment it gradually lost its golden-brown hue and became the color of pale straw. We lost it when we came back into the cold weather of the North Atlantic.
>
> "I have been told, on many occasions, that this is a real sailor's story. But I can only say that it is definitely true."

Old Quercus, always chuck full of Scandinavian pragmatism, insisted on one of the *Saturday Review* mermaids attending the Bookselling Courses at the Columbia Summer School. B. E., with all her swimmerettes fluttering, took careful notes on the lectures of Mr. Frederic Melcher and Miss Sarah Ball, and found them helpfully practical.

"You have no idea," says this Mermaid, "how much one should know before one opens a bookshop. Location, windows, lighting, display, all stand with long greedy fingers, waiting to wrap themselves around the neck of the incautious and timidly well-meaning new bookseller.

"These talks certainly sound the deathknell for the dreamy-eyed ones who 'have always loved books.' Bookselling is a job, not a sentimental mission! one chief requisite appears to be good housekeeping. It seems that one can't wander about, sniffing fresh print and gloating over fine bindings. Each little volume is a dust collector. Nor can one sit all day with one's feet comfortably crossed on a desk, catching up on the lost reading of the past ten years. There are villainously complicated sales sheets to be made up. The profit and loss columns must, unfortunately, do a little more than balance if there is not to be a STORE FOR RENT sign in the window.

"Another thing to consider is an 'emblem' or attention-catching trade-mark. I thought Mr. Morley's Fallen Angel Fish from Bermuda might be a good one. Think of having every book sent out from the shop embraced by hundreds of fallen angel fish on the wrapping paper. Or maybe during the gloom period, crossed book clerks, couchant, would be more appropriate. One of the nicer subtleties of this emblem business is that one can have unobtrusive stickers pasted in the front page of each book sold, so that wherever it may wander thereafter, the reader may know that it started its career in the respectable atmosphere of a bookshop, and incidentally know the address.

"I shall give you more memoranda presently."

Edgar H. Wells & Co., 602 Madison Avenue, New York, report (in answer to my query) that they offer a first edition of Masefield's *Tarpaulin Muster* for $17.50.

Curtice Hitchcock of the Century Company besieges lethargic Old Quercus for a comment on *The Years of Peace* by LeRoy MacLeod, shortly to be published. '25 or 30 words,' insists Mr. Hitchcock, nothing elaborate."

I should enjoy being elaborate about that fine book, were life wide enough. I read it in galley proof three months ago, and though I usually forget swiftly the feeling of it still lingers. It has a deep earthy rhythm, a hale and exquisite reality of ground and air. Few novels have been more genuine to the nose: you can smell it. It is full of genuine human trouble, completely transferred to the reader. It has the broad richness of Indiana soil. It will be highly praised and deeply liked.

Harry Batten of N. W. Ayer & Son, in his lively article in *Modern Publicity 1931* (Rudge; an annual reproducing the cleverest commercial art work from all countries) believes that the depression has forced manufacturers to examine "the principles by which advertising works. Old conceptions of advertising as magic, as a literary plaything, as something to be gauged by the comments of a few personal friends, were forced into the discard. Advertising emerged from this eventful year without an ounce of excess fat."

And that, brooded poor old Quercus as he looked about him, certainly seems to be true.

PERSONALS

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IS THERE a young woman, unblighted by civilization, natively sensitive, responsive, freed of inhibitions, complexes, et al, and withal highly articulate? she is sought for; object: collaboration, literary character; with working author; experience not necessary. David, *Saturday Review.*

YOUNG WOMAN, Columbia graduate, needs work. Fond of Depper, young sparrows, children, and "the moonlight coloured may." Address R, *Saturday Review.*

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ATTENTION PUBLISHERS: My translations of short stories Averchenko and Louys' Sanguines have been published in N. Y. Magazines. I wish to interest a reputable publisher to issue them in book form. A. F., c/o *Saturday Review.*

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TO THE DEPARTING VACATIONER:

If you are planning to be far away from the source of books this summer—at your camp in Maine or your cottage on the shores of the Pacific, in any of the summer resorts scattered over America—or even travelling abroad, The Saturday Review will follow you faithfully wherever you may wander. It will bring you news of new books from which you can choose the ones you want. The list can be mailed to your favorite bookseller at home and you will be saved from the fate of finding yourself in a bookless wilderness on those inevitable dogdays when the pine woods are drenched in rain or a sea-fog rolls in and envelops the universe.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street New York City

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed for the summer to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea S.W. 3, London, England. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

C. *H. L., Jackson Heights, N. Y.,* says, "As to French-Canadian dialect, besides Drummond's book there is another, also of poems, written by W. H. F. Tenney of 21 Emerson Place, Watertown, N. Y., and very good."

SOMETIMES a report comes back from these lists of travel books sent out so often by the Guide to intending travellers. From Malaga, Spain, *O.M.W.,* whose home town is Hollywood, writes: "You helped me so much with your letter on what to read for my six months in Spain, that I've been grateful to you all the way. The 'Short History' by Sedgwick, and 'Unromantic Spain,' by Praz, were particularly effective. The 'History of Spanish Literature' was the only one I didn't read of the twenty in my box the month I was on the steamer. I am anticipating skimming them all again on the way home for reactions 'after,' and then I shall have the 'Literature' new. I had the 'Alhambra' with Pennell's drawings, which gained so much by being read just before and among my visits." And then comes an enticing six-months' itinerary, and tucked into the letter post-cards of Toledo, Granada, Sevilla. Those with Spain on the mind may take notice, and those thinking about a book-box for a steamer's deck.

E. *A. S., Little Rock, Ark., asks for lists of good books recommended for children in the grades."* "Leisure Reading," an illustrated pamphlet of 132 pages, has been prepared by the National Council of Teachers of English, whose list of like nature for the use of High School pupils proved so broad-minded, popular, and generally elevating. This new booklist may be cheerfully offered to children of grades seven, eight, and nine, for their own selection; the annotations are meant for their use, describing with a note of allure. Miss Stella S. Center and Max J. Herzberg are co-chairmen of this committee, and its report in this form is worthy of the earlier booklet; like that, the colored and other pictures are a feature, those most attractive to potential readers being chosen. The National Council's address is 211 West 68th Street, Chicago, and the booklet costs twenty cents —less in quantities.

R. *R. R., New York City, asks for books "useful to a person fortunate enough to be able to spend the summer in the Tyrol around Salzburg."* Fortunate is the word. That one would gather from a brief acquaintance with an inexpensive color book, "Austria," by J. D. Newth (Macmillan), in which the Salzburg country has an appreciative section. The Baedeker for this country is "Tyrol and the Dolomites" (Scribner), of which a new, revised, and enlarged edition has appeared since the war: the Tyrol is also part of Clara E. Laughlin's popular travelling companion, "So You're Going to Germany and Austria!" (Houghton Mifflin). "A Wayfarer in Austria," by G. E. R. Gedye (Houghton Mifflin), is one of an excellent series of Wayfarer books, rich in background and full of personal experiences; this one is sympathetic and well-informed. "The Spell of Tyrol," by W. D. McCrackan (Page), has also been revised since the war; it has colored pictures. A traveller by automobile should get "Motor Rambles in Central Europe," by Frank C. Rimington (Houghton Mifflin), which includes the Tyrol; this has photographic illustrations and paintings by the author's wife, and detailed advice for the motorist. Marcia Davenport's "Mozart" (Scribner) should be included, especially if the visitor has the Salzburg Festival in mind; it is a new biography alive with the lovable personality of one whom no one can understand without loving—or his music either. For that matter, if the Festival is to be the center of this tour, as well it might be, anything on the subject of "Everyman" would be desirable preparation for the production by Max Reinhardt of Hugo von Hofmannsthal's "Jedermann" on the cathedral square. Any foreign travel ticket agency, or the Governmental Tourist Office at Salzburg, keeps on hand a leaflet called "Salzburg," a model of compact facts. Speaking of tourist literature, two items should be noted by travellers using this deparment. First, the immense edition of "Enjoying England," published by the London Northeastern Railway, is exhausted; as B. Warde wrote the book I'm glad it was so popular. Second, I have received from the Terramare Office, Wilhelmstrasse 23, Berlin SW 48, "Passing through Germany," a beautifully illustrated bird's-eye view of the country, with descriptive articles in English, poems, and other literary features. It was sent me free, and I suppose would be so sent to prospective or hopeful travellers; the photographs are astonishingly clear, and include subjects as out of the ordinary as Charlie Chaplin rapt before the Pergamon shrine and an example of the work of a new fish-eye camera with a picture angle of 180 degrees.

P. *W. M., Baltimore, Md., asks for a book on household medicine, "more complete than Copeland's."*

I am always more than conservative in recommending books for home treatment of human ills; for some time after this department was founded this was one of the few subjects on which I did not advise at all. But the newly published "Oxford Medical Adviser for the Home," by John D. Comrie, M. D. (Oxford University Press) is safe and sound; arranged like a dictionary, any topic may be consulted with the least possible loss of time, and its information, while not interfering with proper professional treatment, is succinct, enlightening, and reliable.

D. *F., Baltimore, Md., says that she read "Swann's Way" without knowing anything about Marcel Proust, and was thereby impelled to read not only all the rest of the series but "some intelligent literary commentary on Proust. I don't want biography; I've been told he was all sorts of queer things and am not interested in finding out about them. It seldom pays either in understanding or perception to know."* Clive Bell's "Proust" (Harcourt, Brace) is brief, inspiring, informing; it is impossible and unwise to separate Proust's life altogether from his work, but the emphasis in this study is on his place in literature and on that of his book in the social history of his time. Proust is one of the "Five Masters" treated by J. W. Krutch in his book with this title (Cape), together with Boccaccio, Cervantes, Samuel Richardson, and Stendhal—a book that is biographical only as these lives affect their works, and critical without being hard reading.

B. *D. V., Cambridge, Mass., asks for a guaranteed good beginner's book on gardening; "I've had terrible luck with every garden I ever tackled, and I'd like a book that goes into details about soils and bugs and so on—scientific, not merely chatty."* When it comes to gardens I ask someone in Philadelphia. My authority there tells me to recommend for this purpose "The Seasons in a Flower Garden: a Handbook for the Amateur," by Louise Shelton (Scribner). It covers, she says, soil preparation, insecticides, location as to what will bloom in the shade and what requires full sun and those in-between, and gives soil required as damp, dry, heavy, etc. It was first published in 1906, and is full of valuable help; my informant says that on going again to the book to refresh her memory of its details she came upon just the information she needed for some present problems, in the section headed "Don'ts." She also says that good catalogues have instructions for planting, cultivation, location, and the like, and that rose growers will give full directions for preparation of bed, depth of planting, and so on. Soil testing paper or equipment may be bought from seed stores.

H. *C., Richmond, Va., asks for books on the care and training of dogs.* The largest to appear in some time, a regular encyclopedia, enlivened with amusing stories and practical advice, is E. C. Ash's "Practical Dog Book" (Derrydale Press). This comes originally from England, where they take dogs seriously and treat them with respect; it costs $6.50, but about everything is here, even to the history of each breed. "Your Dog," by N. W. Lewis (Putnam), is for one about to become a dog-owner; it deals with the care and admonition of forty kinds of dog, which should give a man a choice. A

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COMMUNITY SINGING. Adyar, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

BEAUTIES OF ISLAM. By *Annie Besant*. Adyar, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION. By *Annie Besant*. Adyar, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

MEMORIES OF PAST LIVES. By *Annie Besant*. Adyar, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

THE "BROTHERS" OF MADAME BLAVATSKY. By *Mary K. Neff*. Adyar, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

THE COLOPHON. A Book Collectors' Quarterly. Contents Part Ten. New York: The Colophon, Ltd., 229 W. 43rd St.

A CLASSICAL DICTIONARY OF THE VULGAR TONGUE. By *Captain Francis Grose*. Edited by *Eric Partridge*. London WC1: Issued for Private Subscribers by the Scholartis Press at xxx Museum Street.

BURNED BOOKS. Neglected Chapters in British History and Literature. By *Charles Ripley Gillett*. Columbia University Press. 2 vols. $10.

Pamphlets

TO HAVE OR TO BE—TAKE YOUR CHOICE. By *Hendrik Willem Van Loon*. Day. 25 cents.

THE SOCIALIST CURE FOR A SICK SOCIETY. By *Norman Thomas*. Day. 25 cents.

TWO HUNDRED TOPICS IN IOWA HISTORY. Compiled by *William J. Petersen*. Bulletin of Information Series: No. 15. Edited by Benjamin F. Shambough. Iowa City: Iowa State Historical Society.

THE YOUNG MAN WASHINGTON. By *Samuel Eliot Morison*. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press.

PROFITS AND WAGES. By *Anna Rochester*. New York: International Pamphlets. 10 cents.

THE BANK FOR INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENTS. By *Rollin A. Sawyer*. New York: Public Library.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. New York Public Library.

BACKGROUND OF THE MANCHURIAN TROUBLE. Japanese Chamber of Commerce, 90 Broad Street, New York City.

THE SHANGHAI INCIDENT MISREPRESENTED. Shanghai: Press Union.

WILLIAM CHARLES. By *Harry B. Weiss*. New York Public Library.

THE PROBLEM OF THE HOUR. By *A. Basil Wheeler*. New York: Wheeler Press Syndicate. 15 cents.

A STRIKELESS INDUSTRY. By *M. H. Hedges*. Day. 25 cents.

TRAPS FOR UNBELIEVERS. By *Mary Butts*. London: Harmsworth.

COLLECTED PAPERS OF CHARLES SANDERS PEIRCE. Edited by *Charles Hartshorne and Paul Weiss*. Vol. II. Elements of Logic. Harvard University Press. $6.

THE PROBLEM OF THE HOUR. By *A. Basil Wheeler*. Wheeler Press Syndicate, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 15 cents.

DISARMAMENT OR PREPARATION FOR WAR. By *K. L. von Oertzen*. London: Vickes & Andrews.

AN OUTLINE OF THE LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE. By *Margaret B. Crook*. Abingdon. 50 cents net.

AGAINST REVOLUTION. By *Gilbert Seldes*. Day. 25 cents.

THE THREE PHARAOHS. By *Hermann Hagedorn*. Day. 25 cents.

Travel

YOUR MEXICAN HOLIDAY. By ANITA BRENNER. Maps and illustrations by CARLOS MERIDA. Putnams. 1932. $2.50.

This fluent and companionable little guide-book remains throughout in harmony with its happy title. It is for interested visitors who are making a first trip to Mexico. The style is encouragingly colloquial, as if not to alarm any vacationist, but the sentences are so stripped and brief that they leave a reader rather breathless.

For the past few years sensitive urban Mexicans have had an uneasy feeling that there may be something "denigrante" in the humorous touches which brighten Terry's monumental Guide. The Mexican "authorities and bureaus" whose coöperation is cited on the jacket of this one were therefore delighted at the idea of having an up-to-date book prepared by a writer sympathetic with national aspirations and appreciative of Mexico's recent achievements and progress as well as of her fascinating past. Such sections as those on Education and Social Welfare, Modern Art, Automobile Highways, are new and were needed, as was the calendar of native fiestas. Otherwise this guide is by no means a substitute for the carefully documented mass of scholarly information about the country and its history—the detailed, alluring description—which Terry provides. The traveler had best take both.

Miss Brenner charitably warns white collar wanderers that real exploring in Mexico is "plenty rough." In her gaily devised list of "Honeymoon Places" are some which have no gringo accommodations. Motorists, fliers, and Cortés are favored with the only clear maps: the maps of the cities, particularly of the capital, are useless.

It was an inspiration to name some of the country's great haciendas (an interesting subject to foreigners), but tourists must not suppose that good manners permit unannounced visits in force, even at the hugest. Nor must they expect to find "floating gardens" (always an absurd fancy!) at Xochimilco.

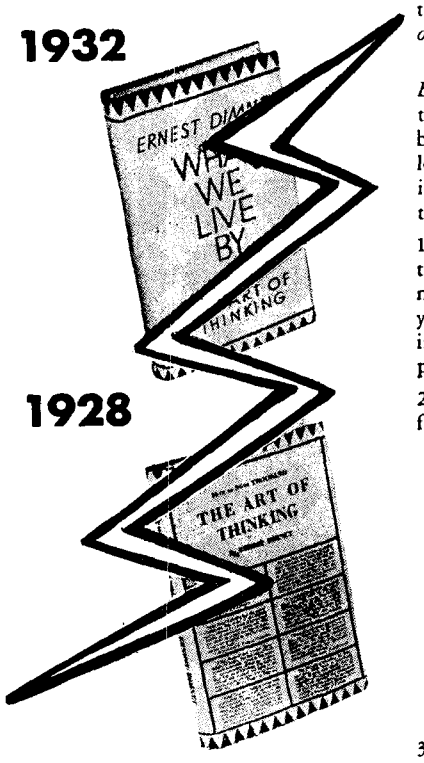
For the convenience of those who have no Spanish all possible words are anglicized, most accents are left out, and even proper names are translated—a helpful innovation. References and literary paraphernalia have been discarded. The print is a blessing to the eye, and the decorations make jolly the tantalizing approach to the vital chapter on Food and Drink. Bare mention often takes the place of description, so the long index is somewhat deceptive. However, the pleasant thought to use a gallery of beautiful photographs as advertisements helps make up for this.

To every comer subtle Mexico shows a different face, and not even the initiate and Mexican-born Miss Brenner may tell "everything you could possibly want to know in preparing for your Mexican vacation," as the publishers assert, but she has produced with success a handbook easily consulted, light, and "popular."

Notes of a Rapid Reader

A brief book, Edmund Blunden's "The Face of England" (Longmans, Green, $1.25) is more successful in conveying the flavor of the landscape which he describes than many a far more comprehensive tome. It is a poet's transcription of the English scene and is interesting not merely as a vivid and delicate portrayal but in the fact that it veritably transfers to prose the epithet and the point of view of the poet. As a study of the detail that makes appeal to the poet and of the emergence of imagery and ideas from the familiar features of the countryside it is a study worth analyzing. * * * Joseph Hergesheimer's "Berlin" (Knopf), on the other hand, is pure journalism. The book might more justly have been entitled "Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Budapest, and Environs," since its length is distributed over these cities. It contains much about hotels and restaurants, encounters and impressions, and is lively enough but superficial. * * * "Runaway Days (Dodd, Mead, $2), by Samuel Scoville, Jr., is a volume of nature studies in the author's familiar strain, a succession of brief narratives of adventure in the hills and woods, written with charm and zest. * * * The country from another angle is reflected in Marion Nicholl Rawson's "From Here to Yender" (Dutton, $3.75), an account of early roads in New England comprehensive enough in its scope to embrace not only the highways and trails themselves but the vehicles that travelled along them, sights to be seen upon them from the grewsome spectacle of the gallows to tombstones with their quaint epitaphs, stretching back from the roadside, the inns that dotted them, and the beds that gave the wearied traveller rest.

Charlotte Prentiss Browning's "Full Harvest" (Dorrance, $2.50) presents the reminiscences of a nonagenarian whose life was a placid one and whose recollections are centered about her home town, Cooperstown, New York. Mrs. Browning came of a family prominent in that place, knew intimately the present generation of Coopers as well as their townspeople, and could go back in memory to James Fenimore himself. Her book is an agreeable chronicle of a life that was laid in pleasant places, containing bits of local history and vignettes of Cooperstown notabilities. * * * The famous notes of "The Trial of Jeanne D'Arc" have not been accessible in English since they have never been fully translated. Gotham House, Inc., has just brought out a complete edition, translated by W. P. Barrett. There are a few more dramatic transcripts of important historical source material. * * * The Pilgrim Fathers have just figured in a somewhat psychological novel, *We Begin*. Now another aspect of their history—this time fact and not fiction—is contributed by Professor D. Plooij of Amsterdam University, who in a publication of the New York University Press discusses their history in Holland and studies them from a Dutch angle. (*Pilgrim Fathers From a Dutch Point of View*.)



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PERPHAPS there are additional reasons to account for this phenomenon of lightning striking twice in the same place. We would like to hear from those friends of *The Inner Sanctum* who occasionally write to us out of a clear sky. Meantime the third printing of *"What We Live By"* goes to press.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

HITLER. By EMIL LENGYEL. Dial. 1932. $2.50.

This conversational biography gives a vivid and complete account of Hitler's arrival as the most dramatic of the *dramatis personæ* on the German political and social scene. From the back room in Das Alte Rosenbad, where in 1919 he received membership ticket No. 7 in the German Labor Party and the Party's total assets were reported as 7.50 marks, to the sumptuous Brown House where he lives amidst inlaid swastika and statues of Mussolini as the oracle of a party organization which can deliver 13,000,000 German voters at the polls, the development of his strange career is sketched in emphatic pictures; and if it seems somewhat amazing that so many conversations should have been recorded verbatim, the points they make are at any rate extremely clear.

The sharp focus of these sketches is on the leader, but behind him can be seen his constituents, whose faces blur into a composite portrait of the mediocre man. Hitlerism is an effort by and for the obscure to get the social spotlight. Oratorically, its constituency is united because its members are the bearers of the Mission of the North, the deliverers of the Fatherland from the payment of tribute internationally exacted by enemy peoples or nationally extorted by an alien race. When the tumult and the shouting have died, and the charwomen begin to clean up the Berlin Sportpalast or the Munich Zirkus Krone, these phrases sound more like the underdogma of the nationalistically minded underdog. At the end of a recent article in the *Yale Review*, Dr. Moritz Bonn wrote: "The commonsense and the patience of the German people, on the one hand, and their deep-seated romanticism and tendency to self-deceptive illusionism on the other are struggling hard just now for mastery over the German mind. Nobody knows which tendency is going to win." Since that was written, the practical tie resulting from the Prussian Diet elections has underlined this judgment. "Hitler" is the story of the illusionist half of Germany.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HOOVER. By *Herbert Corey*. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT. By *Max Miller*. Dutton.

OWEN D. YOUNG. By *Ida M. Tarbell*. Macmillan. $3.

THE BELOVED RABBI. By *Max E. Berkowitz*. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE ARMS ABOVE THE DOOR. By *Carlton Bailey Hurst*. Dodd, Mead.

Drama

BARELY PROPER. By *Tom Cushing*. Farrar & Rinehart.

PLAYS FROM THE MODERN THEATRE. Edited by *Harrison R. Steeves*. Heath. $2.40.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. By *Philip Barry*. New York: Samuel French.

ELIZABETHAN STAGE CONDITIONS. By *M. C. Bradbrook*. Macmillan. $2.

THE WITS, OR SPORT UPON SPORT. Edited by *John James Elson*. Cornell University Press. $4.50.

ONE ACT PLAYS FOR STAGE AND STUDY. French. $3.

INDEX TO ONE-ACT PLAYS: Supplement 1924-1931. Compiled by *Hannah Logasan* and *Winifred Ver Nooy*. Boston: Faxon.

Education

THE BEGINNING OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. By *Mary M. Reed* and *Lula E. Wright*. Scribners. $1.50.

THE TEACHING OF ART. By *Margaret E. Mathias*. Scribners. $3.

VIRGINIA AND HER BUILDERS By *Mabel F. Altstetter* and *Richard L. Morton*. Scribners. 88 cents.

CLARIFYING THE TEACHER'S PROBLEMS. By *Arthur S. Gist*. Scribners. $1.80.

FIRST EXPERIENCES WITH LITERATURE. By *Alice Dalgliesh*. Scribners. $1.25.

Fiction

HOME IS THE SAILOR. By RUTH BLODGETT. Harcourt, Brace. 1932. $2.

Miss Blodgett's novel is a curious mixture of finely sensitive writing and downright dull reporting. In a long book teeming with a multiplicity of hastily sketched characters—there are at least three fully rounded ones—she has written a novel that bodes well for future work.

To the small town of Mattamiskeag, Maine—home port of the old sailing ships and still overflowing with what the summer visitors called "local color"—comes Crystal Merriam, visiting nurse. Against this pleasantly unfamiliar background Miss Blodgett works out the drama of her characters—the changes wrought in the lives and destinies of Dan Grey, his wife Martha, their daughter Elaine. Crystal Merriam herself, as well as Dr. Alan Gray, her nominal hero, share the sad fate of many of the minor characters, for the author has made them so elusive that they never attain the vitality that is their due—that the author herself fully believes to exist.

To balance the score, much of her "local color" is authentic and moving, several of her minor characters possess notable distinction as fictional personages, and she has an unflagging feeling for the continuity of life. But the novel still remains formless, rambling, and inconclusive, and only in the person of Martha Grey does she succeed in displaying a token of future achievement.

LAFCADIO HEARN: Kwaidan. Introduction by OSCAR LEWIS. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1932.

An interesting little edition of some of Hearn's Japanese tales: interesting because it was printed in Japan, and is Eurasian to a degree. The type is an indifferent European font, varied by fantastic half-titles. But the pictures, by a Japanese artist, are sufficiently Oriental to be satisfactory, and the binding is very nice indeed in the Japanese manner. It is a pity that the text could not have been printed in Japanese characters, and so make the book completely Oriental.

MRS. GREEN'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW. By *Nelia Gardner White*. Stokes. $2.

THE BEST AMERICAN LOVE STORIES OF THE YEAR. Selected by *Margaret Widdemer*. Day. $2.50.

ROBBERS' ROOST. By *Zane Grey*. Harpers. $2.

POCKET DICTIONARY OF THE GERMAN AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES. By *K. Wichmann*. Dutton. $1.35.

DESERT NIGHT. By *Kathryn Hulme*. Macaulay. $2.

LAWYER MAN. By *Max Trell*. Macaulay. $2.

VERY PRIVATE SIN. By *Lawrence Oliver*. Minton, Balch. $2.

MODERN MADONNA. By *Alice Rose Colver*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

MODERN AMERICAN SHORT STORIES. Edited by *Edward J. O'Brien*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

RE-ENTER SIR JOHN. By *Clarence Dane* and *Helen Simpson*. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.

MAID OF ATHENS. By *French Strother*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

MAD SIR PETER. By *Frank Dilnot*. Macmillan. $2.

VICTORY. By *Joseph Conrad*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA. By *Richard Hughes*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

WINGS OF HOPE. By *Hilda Hauck*. Kendall. $2.50.

LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY. Seneca: Moral Essays, translated by *J. H. Basore*. Dio Chrysostom, translated by *J. W. Cohern;* Philo. IV, translated by *F. H. Colson* and *G. H. Whitaker*. Plautus, the Little Carthaginian, Pseudolus, The Rope, translated by *P. Nixon*. Putnam. $2.50 each.

Miscellaneous

LEADERS AND PERIODS OF AMERICAN FINANCE. By THEODORE J. GRAYSON. New York: Wiley. 1932. $4.

Professor Grayson, author of an authoritative treatise on investment trusts, has here undertaken to popularize the history of American finance by mixing summary accounts of episodes or periods with sketches of the work of representative financial leaders. The financial history of the Revolution, for example, is hung mainly upon the work of Robert Morris, that of the first constitutional years upon Hamilton, and that of the Jeffersonian period upon Albert Gallatin. For the later governmental aspects of the story we have Andrew Jackson and Nicholas Biddle in the controversy over the Bank of the United States, Van Buren and the panic of 1837, and the Civil War operations of Salmon P. Chase, Jay Cooke, and John Sherman. Interspersed with these semi-biographical sketches are chapters of a more comprehensive kind dealing with colonial finance, early land speculation, and the tariff as a political and financial issue. Professor Grayson goes much farther afield, however, than the operations of the Treasury and the policies of Presidents and Congresses, and brings in Stephen Girard as a representative of the rise of private finance and foreign trade, John Jacob Astor and the fur trade, and the careers of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, George Westinghouse, Andrew Carnegie, James J. Hill, Edward H. Harriman, the elder Morgan, and Judge Gary. Aside from well-balanced appraisals of conduct and motive in such matters as the Jackson-Biddle bank struggle and the financial policies of the Civil War, and a marked tendency to laudation in treating the careers of some financial and business magnates (the acclaim of Stephen Girard as "a supreme embodiment of labor, charity, and love" and "an inspiration and a benediction" is at least unusual), the work offers no novelty save in form, but it may be commended to the popular audience to which it is addressed. The omission of the elder Rockefeller from a survey which includes his principal contemporaries of the era of big business seems strange.

SEXUAL LIFE IN ANCIENT GREECE. By HANS LICHT. Translated by J. H. Freese. Edited by LAURENCE H. DAWSON. Covici-Friede. 1932. $12.50.

This monument of the New Paganism presents a difficult problem to the reviewer. At first one is provoked to caustic comment by the slipshod work and systematic perversion of historical evidence. However, the recent death of both the author and the translator before the book was in proof incline one to leniency Only enough, therefore, will be said to indicate the character of the book and its shortcomings.

It would be desirable to have a presentation of the phenomena of sexual life among the Greeks. The ordinary history absolutely neglects this important aspect of social life, and even the professed handbooks on ancient manners deal with the subject cursorily. Such a treatise would require in the author an adequate equipment as a historian of antiquity and a training in the modern treatment of the erotic. Unfortunately the author of the book under review, however competent he may be as a psycho-analyst, is wholly incompetent as a historian. A knowledge of Greek has enabled him to make a collection (by no means complete) of the erotic references in Greek literature. These he has combined and garbled so as to present a picture of Greek civilization which is largely false. He jumbles together the customs of Minoan Crete, Lydia, and Etruria and calls the result Greek. He is so ignorant of modern linguistic science as to quote Plato's Cratylus as an authority on etymology. The result is a collection which will amuse the prurient, and mislead the unwary, but which can hardly be considered a contribution either to science or to history.

THE COST OF THE WAR TO RUSSIA. By *Stanislas Kohn* and *Baron Alexander F. Meyerdorff*. Yale University Press. $3.25.

GARDEN MAKING BY EXAMPLES. By *G. C. Taylor*. Scribners. $3.

TAXATION DURING THE WAR. By *Sir Josiah Stamp*. Yale University Press.

BROOKHART CAMPAIGNS IN IOWA: 1920-1926. By *Jerry Alvin Neprash*. Columbia University Press. $2.25.

YALE CLASSICAL STUDIES. Edited by *Austin M. Harmon*. Vol. III. Yale University Press. $2.50.

FIFTY MILLION FRENCH BULLS CAN'T BE WRONG. By *Leyla Georgie*. New York: Sakier. $1.

MIDDLE CLASS. By *Nanette Kutner*. Long & Smith. $2.

GOLD AND MONETARY STABILIZATION. Edited by *Quincy Wright*. University of Chicago Press. $2.

CURRICULUM OF THE SMALL HIGH SCHOOLS OF MAINE. By *Evelyn Butler Phillips*. Orono, Me.: University Press.

DANGER AHEAD. By *Joseph T. Shaw*. Mohawk Press. $2.

THREE LECTURES ON CHINESE FOLKLORE. By *R. D. Jameson*. Peking, China: North China Union Language School. $1.50.

ASTRONOMY FOR YOUNG FOLKS. By *Jane Lewis*. Duffield. $2.

MILK PRODUCTION AND CONTROL. White House Conference. Century. $3.

GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHILD. Part. IV. Appraisement of the Child. Century. $2.75.

WIND AND WATER. By *Manfred Curry*. $7.50.

A STUDY OF PERUVIAN TEXTILES. By *Philip Ainsworth Means*. Boston: Museum of Fine Arts.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION ACTIVITIES. By *Theodore Cramlet* and *Russell C. Hinote*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

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Points of View

Shall We Let It Die?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The good die young, they say, so maybe that is why *Poetry—a Magazine of Verse* is about to pass away. Still there always are those who claim to be on the side of the angels, the backers of goodness, so if they are within reach of this article I hope they will come forward and do their bit for what is not only goodness but for what has proved itself to be the best.

The best what? You will say. The best representative of the art of poetry in the English-speaking world, wherein has appeared for the last twenty years the best poetry in the English language, wherever written, from "China to Peru." *Poetry* has been not only a magazine, but the official organ of the art; and dedicated solely to the art of prosody in the beginning, it has not swerved in all the years.

The history of Miss Harriet Monroe's magazine is not alone the story of one periodical but of the literary world for the past two decades. To write such a history would be beyond the scope of an article, particularly one that is attempting to show only enough of the magazine's accomplishment to awaken interest before it be too late. So while I may touch lightly on numerous points that should be amplified, I hope I shall have done so in a way to rouse curiosity.

During this twenty-year life of the magazine, then, its accomplishments—besides being ever inspiring and reliable—seem to be along two particular and parallel lines: first, it has given real and contemporary poetry to the world; and second, it has provided an adequate hearing with an authentic organ for poets. At the same time a third result may be noted: the creation of a widely circulating outlet for poets. In this way, one magazine has made America poetry conscious, stimulating an interest in and understanding of the art.

And yet, just as it comes of age, apparently *Poetry* is fated to die. For the lack of a guarantee of some five thousand dollars a year we must lose one of our few institutions devoted solely to an art. Of course, it is a difficult time to get money for any purpose, and one readily can understand why, with so many people on the verge of starvation, a mere art would be shoved aside. But while understanding this, those of us who see beyond our noses know that the spirit needs food as well as the body. If we let the arts die out, what a dull place this would be, and how useless to take food for the prolongation of life in such a dead atmosphere.

Poetry, then, must perish unless something is soon done about it. A short sketch of its accomplishments may turn the tide, for if they realize what this little magazine has done, how much it has helped America in the finer things, there surely must be some group of people who feel that they cannot let it die.

I shall therefore attempt a rapid survey of its history, mentioning the outstanding work and its creators in order, and ending with a short discussion of the different schools of poetry represented since 1912, in Miss Monroe's magazine, during the still revolutionary age of renaissance of the art. No school, however "queer," has been denied a hearing, any more than has any individual who had something real to say and said it well.

First, a partial list of great poems, whether they were prize winners or not, whose first appearance was made in *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse:*

"General William Booth Enters into Heaven," by Vachel Lindsay, 1913. Prize poem.
"Choricos" (one of the group of three), by Richard Aldington, 1912.
"Hermes of the Ways" (one of the group of 3), by H. D., 1913.
"Irradiations," by John Gould Fletcher, 1913.
"Chicago Poems," by Carl Sandburg, 1914. Prize poem.
"The Chinese Nightingale," by Vachel Lindsay, 1915. Prize poem.
"The Wind Sleepers," by H. D., 1915. Prize poem.
"All Life in a Life," by Edgar Lee Masters, 1916. Prize poem.
"The Bean Stalk," by Edna St. Vincent Millay, 1920. Prize poem.
"Pecksniffiana," by Wallace Stevens, 1920. Prize poem.
"The Witch of Coos," by Robert Frost, 1922. Prize poem.
"Pianissimo," by Alfred Kreymborg, 1922. Prize poem.
"Avenel Gray," by Edwin Arlington Robinson, 1923. Prize poem.
"The Fifth Floor Window," by Lola Ridge, 1923. Prize poem.
"King David," by Stephen Vincent Benét, 1923. Prize poem.
"Evelyn Ray," by Amy Lowell, 1924. Prize poem.
"Preludes," by George Dillon, 1925. Prize poem.
"The Women of Cythæron," by Robinson Jeffers, 1928.
"Lament For Glasgerion," by Elinor Wylie, 1928. Prize poem.
"A Sequence," Harold Lewis Cook, 1928.
"Memorial To Larry," by Kile Crook, 1928.
"Song of the New Hercules" by Leigh Hanes, 1928.
"The Unknown Soldier," by Charles A. Wagner, 1929. Prize poem.
"Outrecuidance," by André Spire, 1929.
"Strange Splendor," by Ernest Hartsock, 1930.
"Address to the Doomed," by George Dillon, 1930.
Part of "The Bridge," by Hart Crane, 1930. Prize poem.
"The Botticellian Trees," by William Carlos Williams, 1931. Prize poem.
"Revisit at Forty," by Orrick Johns, 1931.

And now the names that, introduced by *Poetry,* have since become well known. First in order must be mentioned some of the poets who appeared in Volume I, beginning October 1912; particularly Ezra Pound in "No. 1," and the two original "Imagistes" introduced by him: Richard Aldington in "No. 2," and H. D. in "No. 4." Miss Monroe it was who presented Ezra Pound to this country together with the six Imagistes who first formed the school: Aldington, H. D., John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence, and Amy Lowell. And Miss Monroe it is who has made history with such poets besides the aforementioned as Joyce Kilmer, Rupert Brooke, Padraic Colum, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, Rabindranath Tagore, James Branch Cabell, Ford Madox Ford, Helen Hoyt, Marianne Moore, Margaret Widdemer, Alfred Kreymborg; and coming down to date, Robert McAlmon, Basil Bunting, Louis Zukofsky, Norman Macleod, Allen Tate, Lizette Woodworth Reese, etc., etc.

It will easily be seen what a formidable list this is—one to be conjured with. And of the people on it, some were printed for the first time in America and some for the first time anywhere. Among these last, Aldington and H. D. stand out conspicuously, not merely because they were introduced by Ezra Pound and were the nucleus around which the school of Imagism was built, but because they both were then, and still are, unique and aloof in their separate excellence. It is no less strange to realize that the huge personality of the great Ezra shot over his own country first through the pages of this small magazine, than that through the same medium T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, Wallace Stevens, Lindsay, and Carl Sandburg were given a world premiere. Also we find that Robert Frost, American of the Americans, was not known in this country until introduced by Miss Monroe. So who knows or can prophesy how many of the new poets being printed for the first time, every month of the current year, but may be famous in the next ten years? It is very possible that many of them might be, judging by the quality of their work, but it is also probable that none of them ever will be heard of again for lack of an adequate place in which to be read and have their work brought to the attention of the world.

We must turn now to the schools *Poetry* has not only given a hearing, but actually has introduced. The Imagists—as it is now spelled—of course, belong to history, but as already mentioned *Poetry* printed them for the first time. As Miss Monroe has edited her magazine "with malice toward none, with charity for all," whatever school, ism, group, or individual has knocked on *Poetry's* door during its lifetime has been welcomed if found worthy a hearing. The editor's own words in its first issue best describe its aim: "The test, limited by ever fallible human judgment, is to be quality alone; all forms, whether narrative, dramatic, or lyric, will be acceptable. We hope to offer our subscribers a place of refuge, a green isle in the sea—"

Having begun, then, with the Imagists, *Poetry* kept right along printing whatever school or group sent in good work. The Vorticists, although they burst on the horizon with a loud *Blast,* found their real outlet in *Poetry,* led thither again by the rambunctious Ezra Pound, who had now become a *Vorticist.* The group of *Others,* too, was represented, although the overlapping of these groups makes it difficult to tell just who was speaking for which. Once in a while some particularly fine representative of a modern French school has been given a hearing—as in September 1921, Paul Fort in translation; and in December 1929, André Spire in the original French. But as this has been essentially an English language publication, and as poems lose greatly in translation, the interesting sequence of French groups could not adequately be represented.

From time to time Miss Monroe has given over an entire issue to one locality: as in the "English Number," or just recently, the "Southern Number." The poets in these numbers can be said to represent neither schools nor groups, but are voices from one locale. In February, 1931, however, the last group to date—the "Objectivists"—was made vocal through *Poetry.* There were varied criticisms of Miss Monroe's action in abdicating the editorial chair in order that the leader of a revolutionary school might put that school before the world, but history can find only admiration for the editor of an authentic and carefully built up organ who was big enough to allow it to be used in an undertaking which was so different from her own, one with which, in the nature of the case, she could have little sympathy, except so far as it was a sincere experiment. So *Poetry,* with a hearty hand out to experiment, nevertheless has been on the side of balance and normality; in other words, it has attempted to keep sane. For this alone it should receive recognition.

There is another function of this magazine which has been growing steadily in importance every year. Besides poetry, the finest criticisms of poetry and of books about the art have been given space, making a critical department so valuable that anyone wanting to "keep up with the Joneses" in the literary world cannot afford to miss it. There are other magazines of good criticism in the United States, but *Poetry* is the only one confining its critical work to the art of prosody. In close relation, too; in the last two years or so *Poetry* has given a quarterly review of literary magazines, invaluable for student and *littérateur,* showing their aims and something of their quality.

So, shall we let it die? Shall we wait in American style for a benevolent benefactor, or shall we who love poetry—both creative artist and creative reader—band together and save this magazine?

In finishing, the most appropriate words I can find are those of the editor of *Poetry,* herself, in an editorial reviewing the first fifteen years of the magazine's life:

"One thing we may claim to have demonstrated—the need of such an organ of the art as *Poetry* has tried to be. This need is proved not only by the hundreds of poets we have introduced, and by the hundreds of poems the newspapers quote from us and pass on to their readers, but chiefly, day after day, by the contributions which pour in and the ardent letters which often accompany them. The poet needs an organ, or organs, which he believes in, whose test is quality alone, and whose acceptance carries conviction and admits him to a certain comradeship with others who practice or love the art."

MARY N. S. WHITELEY.
Washington, D. C.

Foreign Literature

A Superior Man

LITERATURE. Choses Tués. Moralités. By PAUL VALÉRY. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1932.

Reviewed by NATHALIE COLBY

THREE small books by Paul Valéry are here. They are bull's-eye comments, bound together, on painting, music, literature, life. In each piece the subject makes its own inviolate boundary line, and there is no more to be said. The poet's stamp of the union of the sound and sense of an idea is on these fragments. For Paul Valéry is instinctively a poet—in France he has been acclaimed its greatest. Here, and elsewhere outside his own country, because his poetry, except for his Platonic Dialogue, is untranslatable, he will always be appreciated only as a thinker.

For this reason most of us will never know the complete artist. For never was there a closer marriage than is in Valéry, the perspective of the thinker with the sensibility of the poet. The thinker in him is afraid of the poet's emotional torrent. "Calme toi, Calme toi," he says to his muse in "Le Palme," as one might say "hush" to a woman. Although he may subdue his feminine side, and even banish it as a means of expression at intervals, it remains the "grave, continuous note," never emerging but always fertilizing his philosophy.

At twenty Paul Valéry was already a poet, one of the symbolist circle, placing his subject, after the manner of Mallarmé, in that chiaroscuro borderland between sense and imagination, where words, losing their exact meaning, filter into the sensibilities like incense. But even at that age he closed the door on poetry, shutting himself up for twenty years to "look, combine, and read in his own mind"—all his being "stretched to the insenate desire of understanding."

Closed doors! There is the place where the carnage of history takes place—where thought kills thought, old standards are abandoned. There for twenty years, casting aside the support of tradition, Valéry pushed himself through his own density to his own pole of thought. Not one poetic flight carried him over declivities. Up and down he advanced with snail-pace heroism. There is a tussle in every sentence.

His followers must unclutter themselves of every hope of reward. The journey imposes upon them a purifying examination of their own intellectual consciousness, before they emerge with him at the high "inhuman purity" of his destination—the "desperate exactness" of nothingness—a position whose "hopeless honesty" does not end in sterility. Unlike the disintegration of pattern which follows mere slackness of faith, it becomes the core of the superior man. It is the crystal clear detachment with which he returns, as everyone must return, to life, where all that is left him is "the permanence of a consciousness that nothing supports."

This "superior man" who is introduced to his reader under the pseudonym of Leonardo da Vinci, is Paul Valéry's mind, elevated by his "desperate exactness" to the highest degree of itself: he is one "who does not found his power on the confusion of the reason; who does not cast his spell on the darkest, most tender, most subtle part of ourselves; who forces us to agree and not to bend; whose depth is a well reasoned perspective." Freed from the corruption of herd thinking, it becomes his duty to turn his eye of consciousness, rinsed clear by despair, on the phenomena of life as it passes him, reviewing everything: events, emotions, his own personality, with equidistant impartiality. Where others are incapable of seeing, it must "look and combine." In its deepest investigations it plunges below the surface, penetrating in its flashes of genius to the fluid essense underlying all phenomena.

There, one might add, those combinations it so clearly visualizes would force themselves out on a poet's pen, where one would recapture the thrill of creation, in an objective and subjective unity which M. Valéry has had to abandon in his philosophy.

After his twenty years' silence when, as Charles de Bos says, "he begins his thinking where the thought of others ceases," in his poem "La Jeune Parque" which is the incarnation into form of Valéry's "bodily union with the sound and sense of his thought," he completes his circle of thinker and poet.

In Europe M. Valéry has attained the position of the masterpiece. He judges his critics. They take off their hats to him or diminish. When he learned that only eleven hundred translated copies of his "Variété" had been sold in America, his comment was, "Are there only eleven hundred intellectuals in that vast country?"

Hung up, forever inspected on the wall of Europe, he becomes a remote transoceanic personality. These small books humanize him and bring him across to us. For any sentence in them might have been written on old envelopes, on a cuff (one likes to think of him with scribbled cuffs and bits of torn paper), or he might have spoken them strolling in a gallery, walking from a concert.

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Looking at the Present and the Past

The Transition

THE DOOM OF YOUTH. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS ZUKOFSKY

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS is "not one of those who believe in the ultimate 'triumph' of *any* class in these class-wars. All equally will be defeated," he thinks. "But it is the interim conditions—the 'Transition' "—that occupies him in his political studies and nothing else.

"Really what the 'doom of Youth' means is the erecting of 'Youth' into a *unique* value, and by so doing abolishing Youth altogether. For something that is *everything* in human life cannot be anything so limited as 'Youth' as understood upon the merely emotional plane.

"For the 'Youth-politician' there is, strictly speaking, *no Youth.* There are only different degrees and powers of an abstract energy. There is one long adult life, if you like. No life is worth considering, for the 'Youth-politician' except adult life. And adult life is not worth while, of course, once the person is no longer active and capable of creative or at least useful work."

"This appears," to Mr. Lewis, "to be not at all a bad ideal. On the other hand, the use of the term 'Youth'—as a result of the technique of 'Youth-politics'—for this inclusive valuation, is confusing." He irritably proceeds, therefore, with the realization of the Aristotelian entelechy, to expose the predatoriness of the "Youth-politicians' who have destroyed the European's "certain fixed conception with regard to the leisurely growing-up of a human being and made of him at ten today a little 'adult.' " Mr. Lewis's exhibition involves an exposé of the "slave-literature" of the popular press and the political tacticians behind it: the individualists working in the interest of fanatical democracy and the dictator-minded. Their destructiveness is translated in terms of the class-wars—sex-war, age-war, rich-and-poor-war, etc., and the seemingly peaceful manifestations of the Cult of the Child, the boy scout, "the most motherable man in London" riding a rocking-horse, etc., and since Mr. Lewis finds it impossible to define certain aspects of these reversals too sharply he adds to these the child-art of the German, Klee, Miss Gertrude Stein, and Charlie Chaplin.

"In fact," to Mr. Lewis, "all men are fairly unpleasant." Himself, he happens "to be an individual (not, however, an 'individualist'): and as such" he is "not a 'group' person. The very notion of the 'group' must be suspect, unless it is integrated on behalf of mankind, and not against mankind—on behalf of exceptional talents, and not in order to enable a small herd of talented persons to masquerade as 'geniuses,' under the wing of some Zeitgeist."

"In fine, it is the individual, and his individuality, in whatever shape or form that is marked down for extinction. And what is 'genius,' after all, but an excess of individuality? And what is an excess of individuality but an excess of power? And is not *power* substantially the same thing as money?

"Again: is the mass-midget person preferable to the 'free' western *individual?* For myself, nothing interests me at all outside the individual. But since I do not mean by that *any* individual, I am open to conviction that the best way to protect the *best* individual is to eliminate the interference and futile competition of *all the myriad* 'individuals' of which the human herd is composed. The objectionable results of unchecked 'individuals' is apparent upon all hands."

From the point of view of analysis and pertinent translation Mr. Lewis's use of the Aristotelian entelechy would seem to be limited to the assertions of italics and single quotes. "The whole idea of 'fulfilment,' " he says, "is alien to our time." But elsewhere he also says, "I am sure that ultimately (and if we really push beyond every sentimental value of both religion and esthetics) only the *useful* is the *beautiful,* and *vice versa,* and that ugly and well-worn heresy is not only true but beautiful." Mr. Lewis as an *individual* (his own italics) may at least be suspect of an excess of power against exceptional talent, while the assertions of his italics and quotes fall short of the completed realization as distinguished from formative causes or energy. At least, giving 266 pages (besides 29 of introduction) to a subject admittedly not too sharply defined, he does not seem "to prevent the mere destructive technique of the *transition* (Youth-politics) from being taken too seriously," as he would wish.

His fault would seem to be that he does not really push beyond every sentimental value of esthetics in his implied definition of analysis, for in distinguishing between a work of science pure and simple and a work of literature he escapes the analysis of the beautiful and loses the realization of the useful.

The fact is that Mr. Lewis's subject matter would be worth analysis, perhaps not 266 pages besides 29 of introduction, but as the subject matter of an individual who is perhaps not suspect of an excess of power against exceptional talent. The guess is that, as in the matter of *paintableness* (Mr. Lewis's italics), the validity of such subject matter would be the realization of the occasion, or the occasion become art. The resulting book might probably be of the nature of an old magazine evolving out of Futurism instigating the verb Blast; or if the transition of a 'group' (Mr. Lewis's single quotes) were not taken too seriously it might be like the humor of Appolinaire's "Les Mamelles de Tiresias," or like the laughs and driving fiction of Mr. Lewis's own "Tarr," "The Wild Body," and his "Apes of God," in which talk as an art seems at times an even more expressive and particular evidence of the facts than good fiction, because the occasion has been realized.

In Greek Churches

BYZANTINE MOSAICS IN GREECE: Dophin and Hosios Lucas. By ERNST DIEZ and OTTO DEMUS. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1931. $8.

Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER
Yale University

LONG before the glass of Gothic cathedrals was devised to make their dim interiors beautiful, a complete system of church decoration had been developed in the East, quite as adequate for the satisfaction of the eye and the soul. But, though the windows of Chartres have become a familiar glory to thousands who would never call themselves medievalists, the Byzantine mosaics are still very little known except to specialists. This is partly accounted for by the fact that the greatest Byzantine churches are either destroyed, like the church of the Holy Apostles, or converted into mosques with their mosaics plastered over, like Hagia Sophia, or, like St. Mark's, so changed and added to that one is scarcely conscious of their original character. Then, too, the best of what is left is less accessible to the ordinary traveller from the west. Ravenna, Palermo, and Salonica can be reached easily enough, it is true, but they are not on the highroads of travel. Finally, there is a great dearth of books to which the interested could turn either for study anticipatory to the sight of the monuments themselves, or to bring together the loose ends of half assimilated impressions. There are publications, to be sure, but they are either so bulky and costly as to be prohibitive for the average student, or so brief and poor of illustration that they are of little use.

For this reason it is particularly good to have a book on mosaics which, though expensive, is not impossible, and which offers the reader fifteen excellent reproductions in color and an abundance of supplementary photographs. It is not intended as any slight on the authors to say that their assembling of these pictures is their most important contribution to a sadly neglected chapter in the history of art. From these plates one may get an idea of how the walls of the churches, like the cathedral windows, were used to impress the doctrines of the faith on the eyes and so on the hearts of the worshippers. Unfamiliar conventions grow reasonable on

BYZANTINE CHURCH IN DAPHNI, GREECE

closer acquaintance and, though the long course of a dissimilar tradition will always leave Byzantine art foreign to the sentiments of most of us, contemplation of major specimens of that art will eventually give up a conception of what were the artists' aims, and to understand that is the chief part in the appreciation of their results.

The text gives the historical setting and sufficient interpretation, both artistic and iconographic. With this interpretation the reader may find himself at variance. The tendency to stress form at the expense of spirit seems to me to obscure one of the most important aspects of the whole subject. When Mr. Diez says "The Catholic Mass is still saturated with magian symbolism and its 'communion' is nothing but a magian sacrifice," he will find no Catholic to agree with him and few Protestants. But, for its own sake this historical discussion is of great value; and it would be foolish to criticize too meticulously a good book well planned and well executed.

May it be the precursor of many such until the scattered fragments of the great mosaics not in Italy and Greece alone, but in Cyprus, in Damascus, and the remote monasteries of the Orient become familiar to students of art so that we may catch again something of the color and splendor of that phase of medievalism which still lingers on in the desert of Sinai and on the wooded slopes of Mount Athos .

A Typical Elizabethan

THOMAS LODGE, THE HISTORY OF AN ELIZABETHAN. By N. BURTON PARADISE. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1931.

Reviewed by FELIX E. SCHELLING
University of Pennsylvania

THIS is an attractive volume, alike for its form and for the competent and agreeable manner in which Professor Paradise has presented his subject. To many, even of those who can claim an acquaintance with the age, Thomas Lodge remains little more than a name to be enumerated in a group variously dubbed in the textbooks "the pleiad," "the University wits," or "the [seven] predecessors of Shakespeare" in the drama, as though there were no others. Lodge was a great deal more, even if, in the drama, probably somewhat less important than some have supposed. The son of a Lord Mayor of London, born of the gentry, Lodge had the best of a contemporary education at Oxford and in the Inns of Court; and, while he never moved in the fashionable literary and courtly circles in which men like Sidney and Raleigh flourished, circles on the fringes of which Lyly the Euphuist and Edmund Spenser found their places, Lodge seems not to have sunk in the vagabond Bohemianism that cost Greene and Marlowe each his life. Lodge was typically Elizabethan in his versatility, as Professor Paradise suggests in his title, experimenting, adventuring, and richly experiencing, as we may well believe, in life as well as in literature. He knew the law's vicissitudes and delay, for which one of the Elizabethans was not litigious? He adventured, a sailor and a soldier, overseas with Cavendish, writing a book, "The Margarite of America," to assuage the miseries of storm-stay in the Straits of Magellan. He tasted, with his collaborator in a play, the disreputable Robert Greene, the boisterous Bohemianism which Shakespeare depicts in Falstaff and his rout. And he knew only too well, however he appears personally to have escaped any severe pains or penalties, Elizabeth's cat-and-mouse policy in the treatment of her Roman Catholic subjects, of which he became one.

In literature, Lodge was frankly an experimentalist. Coming as he did before those few years that counted so much before Marlowe and Shakespeare, Lodge could not have well been other. He was early among the sonneteers, and his erotic narrative poem, "Glaucus and Scilla," preceded "Venus and Adonis," setting Shakespeare his meter. A follower of John Lyly in the artificial and rhetorical style known as Euphuism, Lodge at times bettered his master and vied with Greene, the best seller of his time, in the short stories of love and adventure which some critics call "the Elizabethan novel." Among these, of which Lodge wrote many, the most notable is "Rosalynde, or Euphues Golden Legacy," a very pretty story prettily told, which has the distinction of having given to Shakespeare the theme for his "As You Like It." And in "Rosalynde," more especially, as elsewhere, too, are to be found delightful interpolated verses, of a poetic quality that gives Lodge a sure place in the marvellous choir of Elizabethan lyrical poetry. Nor is this enumeration by any means at an end, for Lodge takes an historically important place among Elizabethan satirists with his "Fig for Momus," among critics for his warfare against the literary iconoclasm of Stephen Gosson, while in the later years of his life, he beguiled the tedium of a successful physician's active life by the translation of Josephus, Seneca, and Du Bartas, enjoying a remarkable contemporary reputation for these stupendous labors.

The place of Lodge among the predecessors of Shakespeare in the drama is a shadowy and dubious one. He is the avowed author of one historical play, "The Wounds of Civil War," which has to do with the struggle of Marius and Sulla. This was printed in 1594, the year of the appearance of the earliest published play of Shakespeare, "Titus Andronicus." Another play, entitled "A Looking Glass for London and England," was printed in the same year as the joint work of Lodge and Greene; and further, so far as we know, Lodge was not a dramatist. Neither this satirical warning based on a Biblical story nor the Roman "history" is a play of distinction, and Professor Paradise scores an excellent point in showing that both must undoubtedly have been written decidedly earlier than has heretofore been supposed and are ill-advisedly judged by the standards so soon to be set up by Marlowe. It has long been assumed among historians of the drama that Lodge, with Greene and Marlowe, was at work, variously together and apart, in a considerable body of plays that coincide in point of time with the earliest works of Shakespeare. Even more, Lodge is imagined on very slender evidence to have had his hand in earlier versions of plays such as those revised by Shakespeare into the "Henry VI" plays and others. Professor Paradise does not face this problem, and it must be confessed that there is not much in it perhaps beyond the weighing of possibilities and that matching of the niceties of style in which one man's guess is as valuable as another's and no more. It is a pleasure to read a book which, demanding as it does a considerable display of scholarship, is none the less pervaded by so reasonable and so modest a tone. We are the richer for what Professor Paradise has brought us as to Thomas Lodge.

The first part of the famous Chester Beatty collection of MSS. was recently sold in London for £26,553. A fifteenth-century Book of Hours which once belonged to Marie de Raiz, daughter of the notorious Gil de Raiz, went for £5,000; a finely illuminated early fourteenth-century Book of Hours, once owned by Ruskin, for £2,900; and a few leaves of a thirteenth-century English Psalter for £3,500.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

XXVII. PATHOLOGY

THE last selling trip Richard made for Erskine Brothers was shortly before Christmas 1917, when he had to stay in Boston several days to take rush reorders during the gift season. Minnie had already given up her job at Hack's and was in New York looking for an office suitable for the new enterprise. She and Mr. Gall, the red-headed accountant, were Richard's first—and for some while the only—employees. The model of the Roe pen-stand had been perfected, and Minnie had interested old Jake Hack to the extent of investing some capital. When Jake's check arrived, Minnie was exultant. This meant they could begin manufacture at once. She grabbed the next train at Grand Central and hurried to Boston to get Richard's signature on various papers and contracts.

Minnie knew nothing about Boston, but she happened to say to the taxi-man outside the South Station that she thought it was going to rain. He misunderstood and she found herself taken to the Hotel Touraine. There Richard found her, in a small genteel sitting-room for ladies. They sat discussing business details. In the energy of argument (Richard was insisting that Jake must not have majority control of the company) he emphasized his ideas by tapping Minnie's knee. "Which," says Minnie, "all things considered, I think he had a perfect right to do." But a dour matron in black silk, apparently the official chaperone of the house, appeared beside them and said sternly: "You are not allowed to put your hand on a lady's knee in the Hotel Touraine." Richard flushed with painful embarrassment, but Minnie burst into delighted laughter.

Minnie remembers this because by coincidence it linked up with their choice of the Flatiron Building. Richard also had been having trouble with his knee: he had given it a bad wrench in a fall on the stairs of the Sixth Avenue L. Stiffness developed, and he was advised to go to a hospital to have the cartilage slit. He had recently done so. They gave him anæsthetic for the operation—first gas, then ether. The only previous time he had taken gas was in a dentist's office in the Flatiron Building. Whenever he visited that dentist he was always thrilled by the view from the chair, which included the ornate balconies of the old Madison Square Garden and the silhouette of Diana tiptoe in the sky. The goddess was far from his thoughts when he entered the operating room at the hospital, but at the first breath of gas she appeared vividly before him. Something in the outline of that slender shape made him think of Minnie—who also always seemed to have an arrow aimed and tightened against the string. For a few seconds of vivid sensibility, until the ether abolished all mind, he had this vision of the soaring figure. It came closer and closer, and the face seemed to change into Minnie's. He had not written to her about this, for it seemed difficult to put on paper, but after the rebuke from the Touraine duenna he recalled it. "I think it's a hunch," Minnie said. "I'll go to the Flatiron and see if there's any space for rent."

In the uproar of great events then proceeding, so small an affair as the founding of Richard Roe, Inc., was not noticeable. An entry in the routine list of business incorporations was the only time Richard ever had a chance to appear in a newspaper until his obit—with one sole exception. The exception was some years later when the Inquiring Reporter for a tabloid newspaper was buttonholing people at random on the streets and asking their opinions on current topics. The reporter was flushing his covey in Madison Square that day, and happened to pick on Richard. He asked him some question about war debts and reparations. "I don't know enough about it to even give an opinion," said Richard honestly. The Inquiring Reporter was indignant: in his long experience of touting for comments he was accustomed to receive immediate and positive solutions for all the most intricate issues of morals, politics, and finance.

"D'you mean to say you don't care whether those foreigners pay their debts to Uncle Sam?" he cried.

Richard perceived that this was special pleading, and begged to be excused.

"But all you've got to do is give me some sort of reaction on the thing," said the inquisitor. "I want to print it, with your name and address and your picture."

"I'm sorry," said Richard, "I don't know a damn thing about it. I'm not going to fake up an opinion just to get my picture in the paper."

"Well, you're a hell of an American," said the disgusted interviewer.

But we need not suppose that Richard did not have a natural man's respect for the press; he saved with the greatest care clippings of a brief paragraph that appeared in the *Bookseller and Stationer* announcing the appearance of the Roe Pen-Holder.

There was plenty of talk in Richard's own little circle. At first Lucille was alarmed at the risk they were taking. But she soon reflected that to have Richard the head of his own business would put her one up on Hazel; particularly since Hazel had expected that Richard would apply to Herman for help in financing. Richard had not done so. "Never try to raise money from the family," he said. "I wish your brother had the same idea," remarked Lucille. "We're bound to be in wrong with Hazel anyhow," Richard said. "If the business makes money, she'll be just as sore we *didn't* ask them to come in as she would be now if we did." The capital necessary to start was not large, for Richard had excellent trade connections by now and credit was easy in that elastic age, but he had very little cash of his own, and the problem gave him much anxiety. He was greatly touched when Miss Mac took him aside, shortly before he left the Erskine office. "I've got some money saved up," she said, "and if you need any for this business of yours I can spare a thousand. I think you'll make a success, and I'd like to have a share in it." He accepted her offer, gratefully, but was disturbed when she said she had sold Liberty Bonds to raise the cash. "I'm afraid that wasn't very patriotic," he said. "What's patriotism between friends," she replied. "Good luck, boy; I hope you make a killing, if it's only to get Daisy's goat."

Sam Erskine was sorry to have him go. "Especially just now," he said, "when our sales staff is all shot to pieces by the War. I don't suppose I'll ever get a team together like we've had the past five years. If you could just hang on here a while, you'd pretty near have the pick of the work by the time it's over. It's a dangerous thing to have Herman Schmaltz and George Work and Bill Schaefer buddying up with all those men in the army. They'll learn that there's lots of jobs that pay better money than the book business. First thing you know, they'll be lost to Literature. Daisy says Literature won't even know they've gone. But you know how Daisy is."

Though too shy to say so, Richard did not want to improve his position simply by sitting pretty. When Lucille expressed anxiety for the future, Richard was reminded of a story he made up for Gladys after their earliest visits to the Museum of Natural History. Gladys was specially interested in the pigeons that flutter about the Museum. The lively curiosity of a child of six or seven had not yet been dulled by the shallow sophistication which is the doom of so many middling minds. She wanted to know what one of the pigeons would think if he got into the Museum among all the stuffed creatures. So Richard invented a story for her, of a pigeon of inquiring mind who saw all the children pouring into the Museum on Sundays. This pigeon, whom they named Mr. Koo, wanted to get inside and find out what happened there. One day he waited by the revolving door until he saw a chance; hovering politely over the shoulder of the person entering, he flew in. He had a fascinating time, and when evening came he slept in the Indian wigwam in the West Wing, where an old squaw is represented telling tales to the Indian children. On cold nights, though, he was distressed to find that the fire in the wigwam was only red glass with an electric bulb under it. Pursued by the guards, who wanted to put him out, Mr. Koo flew up to the bird rooms and sat so still they thought he was a stuffed specimen.

Richard remarked to Lucille and Gladys that perhaps there was a fable in the idea. In any kind of job—particularly a municipal job, perhaps—if you sit so still they imagine you are only a stuffed image, there is small danger of being detected and fired. "But I don't want to hold a job by just sitting still," he said. "I want a little show of my own." His mind felt comfortable with the inward glow and pleasure that accompany a thought all one's own. But Lucille was prompt in retort. "Schmoos!" she objected. "There didn't seem to be much sitting still in the Erskine job. You always said they had you on the run every minute." She was growing into that peculiar condition, characteristic of aggrieved females, of desiring to prove Richard wrong as often as possible, and believing that everything that gave him enjoyment was necessarily a deduction from her own pleasures. Probably what she needed, Hubbard believes, was a lot more maternity to occupy her mind. But the doctor had advised against it, and she had decided to go in for Pekinese instead.

(What biography can be justly written, Hubbard reflected, without intimate knowledge of the pathology of the subjects? Why, furthermore, is an intelligible biography of any woman so very rare outside the field of medicine? Not because her system of causation is obscure, but rather because it is so horrifyingly direct.)

If it was desired to prove Richard wrong, there was always one to whom it could be done most easily—Gladys. Left to herself, the child would have been likely to conclude that her father was not difficult to get along with. But children, knowing themselves rather helpless, are enormously shrewd to adapt their conduct to whatever situation gives the greatest immediate comfort. Gladys had to live with her mother the greater part of the time; she was prompt to see that siding with her mother made things much easier for herself. To take a strong line against Richard was sure of maternal approval. What psychological effect this may have had on the girl herself would be too long an inquiry to pursue. It will work itself out in her own life, as these lesions must. At the time of her father's death, when she had to turn to and look for a job, she began to suspect that there was something both humorous and tragic in the misunderstanding. The notion that man is the workhorse, destined by divine allotment to toil for woman's luxury, received some drastic revision in her mind when she undertook earning for herself.

But proving anyone wrong is so tragically easy, Hubbard said to himself. With the calm detachment of a bachelor sage, he embarked upon further speculation. Sometimes I think Lucille and Gladys were each other's most dangerous enemies, he said.—Or perhaps there was something rather sacred in their relation: who knows? At any rate, if one of them was unhappy, she insisted on the other being miserable also. Isn't that a very perfect intimacy?"

"Poor old Mother Hubbard," cackled Minnie as he laboriously tried to reconstruct the fragments of this broken mosaic. "It's tough for you, accustomed to dealing with nice obedient figures and making trial balances jump through hoops. Figures behave, but people don't."

And at the same time, with a twinge of admiration, she admitted to herself that the painstaking student was beginning to see beneath surfaces. On his side, Hubbard was alarmed by Minnie's fascination. She has a sense of humor like a man's, he thought; but was prudent enough not to say so. He would not look at her, but slowly picked among the tangled threads of his argument.

"As long as there are men in the world," he said——

"It's going to seem a long time," Minnie put in——

"Every woman is a potential threat to every other woman. Only by standing together can they keep man in his proper subjection. But they can't pool their resources—"

"Hurrah!" said Minnie.

"The Life Force has created them for very definite purposes—why, it sticks out all over them."

"Are you getting personal?" she asked.

But he kept stubbornly on. "And man, the powerful helot, trades on their inability to coöperate."

"He does, does he? Listen, you take women too seriously. They're only stewing in their own juice."

"Minnie," he said, "I'm glad nobody hears you but me. You do say the most deplorable things."

But to return to the year 1918—about the time the great German drive of that spring was getting ready, Richard Roe, Inc., started actual business in the Flatiron Building. It was an anxious time for everybody. Richard had dug his own little line of trenches and fortified them as best he could. But there was a continual popping of small nerve-bombs behind the lines.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Poetry and Miss Monroe

(*Continued from page* 13)

her particular bias at times, but she has always striven for the most enlightened attitude possible toward the art.

It is a pleasure to write deserved praise of a great woman editor, and it is the hope of the *Saturday Review of Literature* that its more affluent subscribers may take these words to heart. We feel most seriously that *Poetry* merits continued existence in the behalf of a fine art. The work so highly-heartedly begun and so bravely sustained should go on. It is in the best interests of American literature, and a challenge to the spirit of America, that it be not allowed to fail.

"Nearly 700 members of British Universities," says *John o' London's Weekly*, "have signed a memorial for presentation to the Board of Education asking for an inquiry into the simplification of English spelling. It emphasizes the growing need of an international language, and declares that there is an increasing conviction in Sweden, Germany, and other countries that English, being spoken already by nearly two hundred million people, can best supply the need, although its inconsistent spelling stands in the way of its general adoption. Among the signatories are such distinguished scholars as Sir George Adam Smith, Principal of Aberdeen University; Sir Charles Grant Robertson, and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch."

What the English public is reading is reflected in the following note from London: In fiction J. B. Priestley leads with "Faraway," with Kate O'Brien's "Without My Cloak"—the Hawthornden prizewinner—a close runner-up. Margaret Irwin's "Royal Flush," James Laver's "Nymph Errant," and Sigud Christiansen's "Two Living and One Dead," are all in brisk demand, too.

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that industry ought to take care of all the surplus population; the fewer hands the better, he says. "There is no more reason for maintaining at public expense (by unemployment insurance) a reserve of occasionally employed artisans, clerks, and handy men than there is for maintaining a similar reserve of doctors or of tenors for the Metropolitan Opera Company." If there were a punitive dismissal wage managers "would think twice before turning to the recruiting of extra hands as the quickest and easiest way to step up production, or to the laying off of hands as the quickest and easiest way to curtail operating expense." Well, it might be a good thing for society to restrict the less competent to low-grade activity; but you will not get the marginals themselves to consent to it without heavy doses of Veritol. *Non omnia possumus omnes* is sound doctrine, but it has always been heresy in America, and probably would be so under socialism as much as under individualism.

After the Civil Draft, the next great reform was the Economic Readjustment Act, which organized the nation on the basis of consumption rather than production. Surplus salesmen (advertisers, too, no doubt, and the authors who depend on advertising) were reclassified by the draft boards for other work, and the entire public was organized into local, state, and national consumers' leagues. Producers were also organized, a managing corporation for each field of industry and commerce; stockholders and bondholders were gradually bought out and ownership of the managing corporations restricted to the men who worked in them. All research was turned over to the consumers' societies, so that variety in production and changes in style were confined to what consumers wanted instead of what high-pressure salesmen and advertisers thrust down their throats. (The extra salesmen mostly became school teachers, where they found worthier employment for their powers of description and stimulation.) All of which "abolished competition and the non-creative private exploitation of industrial and trading opportunities without bringing in either communism, government ownership, or government regulation." Dr. Lawrence concedes, however, that this is to put a narrow meaning on the word "government"; the consumers' and producers' corporations would be a sort of government, in their own fields, but not the government that takes care of the national defense and delivers the mail.

Finally a new constitutional convention reformed the framework of political administration, with a small unicameral Congress in which the size of a state's vote depended on its interest in the question at issue, and the making of laws was rigorously discouraged. After which the Sons of Liberty disbanded with a not unjustified satisfaction in their work.

An improbable fiction, indeed—yet one that many people would find attractive if they could only figure out how to make it real. Dr. Lawrence is impatient with talk of the "inexorable operation of economic principles" and does not believe there is anything foreordained about business cycles. In navigation, he observes, "it is recognized that a ship's captain is dealing with forces of wind and weather which he cannot control. But universally there has been developed a rule which provides that no excuses for accidents at sea are acceptable. The captain who has had an accident never gets another ship. . . . And yet we do not even criticize pilots of industries or pilots of the ship of state who fail to ride through a storm and then hire press agents to overwhelm us with their futile efforts at self-justification." The most we can do is to replace the captain when his stated term is up; and if there is no plausible substitute but another captain who would be no better. . . .

Yes, regeneration would need heavy and long-continued doses of Veritol, and not for statesmen alone. We could all use it.

London has two new telephone exchanges, both of which rejoice in literary names. They are Byron and Wordsworth. It is said that Arnold is soon to be added to the list.

Aspects of Nature

THE RIDDLES OF SCIENCE. By SIR J. ARTHUR THOMSON. New York: Horace Liveright. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH

NO one writes of natural history with so much penetrating sympathy, and at the same time so much authority, as does Sir Arthur Thomson. In "Riddles of Science" he has primarily set himself to amuse, but one cannot read anything that the author of "The Outline of Science" has to say without being richer for it in some measure. Even if one does not agree with the author's philosophy. He states his point of view frankly:

> We are writing for men and women, like ourselves, who are dissatisfied and ill at ease without some belief in a spiritual meaning behind it all. We cannot help trying to make some sense of our experience as a whole (that is philosophy), and we personally cannot make any sense without belief in a Divine Purpose (that is religion). We are taking religion to mean a sending forth of tendrils towards a supersensuous or mystical reality, personalized in God, a reality which gives some meaning to the world and man's place in it. So far as we understand the question, religion is not worthy of the name unless it transcends the scientifically measurable or definable. Educated men today have to choose between a mystical religion or none at all. . . . It does not seem to be intellectually sound to try to argue from Nature to Nature's God. For, if God is Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His Being, Wisdom, Power, Holiness, Justice, Goodness, and Truth, surely the only kind of God who meets our case, then He is not to be scientifically inferred even from our wonderful world in which we live.

Whatever we may believe about the nature of God, I think the cogency of this last statement must be accepted by every intelligent person; and I therefore cannot agree with Sir Arthur when he inconsistently argues at various points in his book that, since life in evolution is interpenetrated with Purpose, the purposiveness which is coextensive with life rests on no physical foundation; that the physiologist, even if mechanist, must start with recognizing the organism as teleological, and end with seeing the environment as teleological; that the whole process of evolution must be envisaged in the light of its outcome, organic evolution in the light of man; that irritability, as defined by the physiologist, is an irreducible property of life; that because the universe and the living creatures of this world may appear beautiful to us, that that beauty has an objective reality and an objective value; or that psychical activity is incommensurable with physical processes. I cannot agree because I think that if any one of these alleged facts could be established by the inquiry of our senses then, by so much, we should have arrived at scientific evidence of the existence and nature of God, and He would no longer be worthy to be called by that name. I believe that this is the appropriate faith for science and that it should not, like ivory soap, be only ninety-nine and a fraction per cent pure. To search for Divine Purpose in evolution, for Divine Foresight in our emotional raptures, or for freewill among the vagaries of the electrons, is intellectually but little more dignified than ghost-baiting in a deserted farmhouse.

Having taken up so much space disagreeing with Sir Arthur's philosophy, I must be brief in my enthusiastic recommendation of the rest of his book. It is an engaging discussion of questions which people are likely to ask, and it touches on not a few distant horizons. The author is especially well fitted for his task. Although there are several easily discoverable errors of fact, in such a book as this they are of minor importance. Few writers could give an essentially first-hand recounting of the Systema Naturæ without more of them. Sir Arthur's knowledge of biology is encyclopedic, and his writing, compounded of a fine style, sympathy, humor, and conservatism, is invariably intriguing, the more so when he turns the searchlight of inquiry on such subjects as the feigning of death; why do we laugh and cry?; the biological meaning of color; when, why, and how are animals green? why must we die?; riddles of the country-side; and telepathy (this last he handles with commendable caution). To all of his subjects he brings the freshness of his personal experiences. We meet the naturalist in such paragraphs as this:

> A kingfisher flying upstream like an arrow made of a piece of rainbow; the golden oranges amidst their glossy leaves; the newly caught herring, blue and green, silvery and red; the bluebells ringing by the wayside; the ripe cherries gleaming like cornelians; the purple heather on the moor; the poppies ablaze among the corn; the rubies and emeralds of the Bird of Paradise; the golden kingcups in the ditch; the deep scarlet of the Poor-Man's Weather-Glass; the azure of the Arion butterfly's wing; the subtle iridescence of the worn shells wetted by the incoming tide; the daring display of the parrot; the elusive browns of the brooding woodcock—what does it all mean, this long gamut of coloration?"

And we meet the philosopher here:

> We must be loyal to what seems to be a fact that man emerged gradually from a stock common to him and to the anthropoids; but we must be loyal to other facts as well, and we must refrain from hurrying to conclusions in regard to the factors that may have operated in the marvellous ascent. Nothing that science knows is against philosophically or religiously interpreting the "humble primate animal" as on the way towards the fulfilment of a Divine purpose.

But to think that we have found the smallest part of that purpose—in ourselves, or in any other aspect of Nature—is to over-reach our better selves.

The Seeker

HORIZON FEVER. By ROBERT DUNN. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

HERE is a book which one feels ought to be important, and which with all its faults is above and beyond the ordinary, but which never quite succeeds in accomplishing its author's aim, or even in making it entirely clear what that aim is. The hero, Rupert Stark, is on the surface a soldier of fortune, and in the book we follow him from his schoolboy days all over the earth, from the Behring Sea to the Mediterranean, and encounter people as diverse as Lincoln Steffens and Mustapha Kemal. But he is not the mere man of action and nothing else; he is a poet who has not discovered poetry, or a mystic who has no religion. His adventures are all undertaken in obedience to some compulsion like the consecration of the inspired saint or artist. Two things especially draw him, mountains and women; he is always having an affair with some woman, such a woman as he can find in the wilderness, a squaw or a prospector's cast-off mistress; he is not seeking anything in particular, he never dwells on their beauty or fascination; merely primordial undifferentiated sex-hunger has for him some of the effect of the soul's desire. But he never can give, even to himself, far less to us, the vaguest shape to what he is looking for everywhere, on so many summits and in so many beds.

One reason for his failure to give any form to his genuinely mystical yearnings is clearer to the careful reader than to himself, or, probably to his author. He feels a sort of Nietzschean loathing for mankind in general, and his hate of the herd translates itself into a hate of the symbols to which they flock. In one of the earliest incidents of the book Rupert is being initiated into a secret society at his boys' camp, an honor he has been longing for; but when the ritual demands that he reverence the emblem of the society, he refuses, and after a furious struggle he succeeds in spitting on it; and for the rest of his life he goes on, in the author's words, "spitting on emblems." It seems likely that this violent hate of other people's emblems prevented him from ever conceiving those symbols of his own which have always been the greatest instrument of the mystic mind. It is perhaps for this reason that his conceptions are always so nebulous.

For whatever reason, the book is annoyingly obscure. The author is evidently much like his hero; from the jacket we learn that he is also a soldier of fortune, and from the style of the book we can see that he is also a poet who has not quite mastered the art of communication in words. The whole book is written in a style which suggests the poetry of apprehensions, faint suggestions, and overtones, without the specifically verbal skill essential to that most difficult manner. As one reads on, he feels a sense of painful personal disappointment, for the author has plainly both an unusual experience and an unusual mind, and one feels at first that he has something of importance to say; but his habits of thought are too much unlike those of other men; the failure of communication is complete.

Fisherfolk

THREE FEVERS. By LEO WALMSLEY. New York: A. A. Knopf. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

THE fishermen of the English north-east coast have retained for centuries the simplicity of mind and spirit that has always characterized men who win their living directly from the earth or sea. Their wants are few, their interests crystallized down to the essential minimum — the tides, the weather, the catch, the technique of the catch. They have seasonal "fevers"—one season it is cod, the next it is lobster, the next salmon.

These are the "three fevers" of Mr. Walmsley's first novel, and the incidents that go to make up the fever-charts afford good, exciting reading. In spirit as well as content the book bears a striking resemblance to L. A. G. Strong's recent "Brothers." Aside from the obviously identical *milieu*—the fisheries of the English coasts—there are the two rival families; the powerful men; the eternal struggle with the sea. But Mr. Walmskey's integrity is not for a moment suspect, and although he possesses neither the ear for language nor the insight of his fellow-novelist, he does possess a style of his own and a pleasantly ingratiating point of view. While his book is not, despite the publisher's enthusiasm, "almost miraculously good," it is a more than creditable first performance.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

THE LADY OF THE BOAT. By LADY MURASAKI. *Houghton Mifflin.*

A sequel to the "Tale of Genji," translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley.

THE TINDER BOX OF ASIA. By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKI. *Doubleday, Doran.*

"China's resistance to world pressure, the conflict of powers and interests, the peoples and ideas . . . is the burden of this book."

GOVERNMENT—NOT POLITICS. By FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT. *Covici-Friede.*

A collection of brief articles contributed to magazines.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Plaisant Pays de France

CIVILIZATION OF FRANCE. By ERNST ROBERT CURTIUS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $3.50.

WHO ARE THESE FRENCH? By FRIEDRICH SEIBURG. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO

AS the nineteenth century developed nationalism, so will the twentieth century, perhaps, be characterized by an adjustment between nationalism and international coöperation. Such a reconciliation is predicated upon a mutual understanding of the basic forces at work in each of the leading nations, and so far as Europe is concerned the task lies in creating a mutual interpretation between France and Germany. For France and Germany are not alone two countries; they are also two different points of view and two different modes of life.

France is the cultural crucible of modern Europe. In her meet the Roman tradition and modern thought, the Middle Ages and the age of science, the blood of the north and that of the south, feudalism and contemporary industrialism, the ecumenical idea and mystical nationalism. Her civilization is like a river: ever moving, meandering, broken by frequent rapids, and occasional placid inlets, but at all times identified with the soil and the processes and rhythms of physical and human nature. No hard and fast lines bind and coerce France's life. She fuses the will to beauty, the will to duty, and the will to knowledge and wisdom. Like nature, she rises to heights of comedy and descends to depths of tragedy. She loves life intensively, loves it for herself and for the rest of society. All of which makes France a creative force, and, like all creative energy, highly disturbing.

And what makes France all the more disturbing in modern Europe is that she abhors the demon which she believes has possessed Germany: the demon of mechanization, stratification, standardization, artificialization; the demon of budgets, grooves, calories, efficiency, rapidity of motion; bigness; identification with the hardness and coldness of the Machine. And lust for conquest! So that from Westphalia to the present France has considered herself and the rest of the world safe only so long as Germany was weak. For Germany's demon, France believes, is a Frankenstein clutching with fiendish glee at the very throat of civilization. And France looks upon her own civilization as the pilot for humanity's ship.

Both books, originally written in German and already widely read in Germany and France, deal not so much with France as with the contrast between France's civilization and that of Germany. In the main they deal sympathetically with France. Curtius views the scene with the objectivity and the detachment of the scholar; draws from a wide variety of sources; presents an orderly and well rounded picture; and is always grave, occasionally profound. The core of his book lies in the question as to whether an equilibrium between the two fundamental concepts of civilization can be achieved. Seiburg writes from a more intimate knowledge of France, where he has lived for many years, and reflects a measure of identification with the life he describes. He frequently rises to heights of adoration and poetic beauty; he is occasionally flippant, frequently penetrating, often brilliant. And now and then he damns with faint praise.

Both authors, however, frequently indulge in questionable generalizations. They imply that France alone is moved by the national messianic idea. Seiburg holds that France's distress and fears are the exaggeration of her imagination and suggests that France's humanism may be a smoke screen behind which she hides her own ambition. He charges France with obstructing progress. Curtius emphasizes that French civilization does not represent "an original primitive experience"; that her roots are not even of a secondary character, running into Greek civilization and derived through Rome; that France lives "deeply in remembrance and in the past"; that she follows the cult of the dead and "the most impressive sights in Paris are the graveyards"—failing to perceive that this is more or less true of all nations, and after all it is only a matter of degree. France has no Youth Movements, declares Curtius, not seeing that France's youth is not a matter of movements, but characterizes the *spirit* of the people from babyhood to the grave. Seiburg complains that France has no order in the sense of the "green battalions drilled" (Van Dyke) of Germany, that France overemphasizes personal happiness and virtually neglects collective happiness, and that she obstructs progress, that is the progress of the Machine.

But that is the crux of the whole matter. France's concept of civilization sharply differs from that of Germany and perhaps in the reconciliation of the two concepts lies the destiny of the modern era.

Professor Constantine Panunzio is connected with the Department of Economics at the University of California at Los Angeles. He is author of "Deportation Cases," "The Soul of An Immigrant," and "Immigration Crossroads."

A PARIS BOULEVARD

From a drypoint by S. Van Abbé, reproduced in "Fine Prints of the Year 1931" (Minton, Balch).

Succulent Meadows

THE SPIRIT OF WORLD POLITICS, with Special Studies of the Near East. By WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING. New York. The Macmillan Company. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

PHILOSOPHERS are disconcerting fellows. They may conduct us through a bewildering maze of thought and counter-thought to conclusions identical with those we held before, which leads us to doubt the validity of the whole process. They may lead us by irresistible steps to conclusions diametrically opposed to those we have held, which leads us to doubt our own powers of reasoning. Less constructively, they may inject an occasional fact or inference here and there, which quite upsets our own conclusions without offering anything in its place.

Philosophers have a habit of withdrawing far enough from the canvas of mankind to see much more of it at once than does the ordinary mortal, busy as he must be with his infinitesimal portion of it. But even the philosophers cannot see all of it. They too are open to refutation, as is well established by the fact that each of our existing oracles owes his position to his complete annihilation of the system of one or another of his predecessors.

Professor Hocking is a philosopher who has wandered away from the broad but thin fields of epistemology and metaphysics into the succulent meadows of world politics. Here he has found his favorite nourishment, the fruit of the widespreading vine of empire.

The result is a volume which contains two books—one a most thought-provoking philosophical examination of the bases of our international assumptions, and the other an excellent analysis of the actual operation of imperialism in Egypt, Syria, and Palestine. The two are shuffled together as two packs of cards might be, but as either is very solid pabulum the change to the other is always welcome.

Professor Hocking persists in asking and insists upon answering such awkward questions as, What are the measures of national backwardness? What is the distinction between western civilization and eastern civilization? Are there absolute standards of international conduct or are all standards relative to time, place, and circumstance? Does the existence of a nation raise a presumption of its right to exist? And who is to judge all these delicate points?

Obviously the treatment of such penetrating inquiries cannot be summarized in a review. It is hardly desirable, however, that they should be summarized. For no student of world politics can well consider his equipment complete or his preparation adequate who has not read, pondered, and digested this volume.

It will take pondering and digesting. It is unrelentingly brilliant. It is continuously provocative. And at times it rises to those mystical realms where the ordinary mortal cannot follow. "In Egypt time becomes transparent, and the present is the presence of the past." The reviewer is convinced that this must be true, because Professor Hocking says it. But he would prefer not to have to "write a brief dissertation showing whether this is true and, if so, why?"

The author flatly asserts in his preface his lack of sympathy with the usual rationalizations of imperialism. He is hostile to resigning "the affairs of the world to the contest of interests and Powers." And later, "no growth of the world can make political subordinacy other than a stifling and unnatural posture, so long as the subordinating Power is felt as alien." Upon these theses and others of similar import, he reviews the history of British rule in Egypt and Palestine and of French dominion in Syria. With a devastating pertinency he points out the evils of these régimes and, except for his own rare qualities as a judge, might well have condemned the whole mandate system.

With equal incisiveness, however, Professor Hocking examines the claims of the subordinated peoples to independence. Here he is almost equally severe. Few of the present-day claimant movements for independent statehood would be able to pass the tests which he sets for them. These tests, he contends, must be more severe for the late comers to the status of independence than for the earlier arrivals, a lesson which the "tu quoque" advocates of independence will find it difficult to learn.

There is for Professor Hocking but one way out of the dilemma which is thus presented. The ruling power should not have the final word in the determination of its ward's fitness for self-government. Neither should the ward. Both are hopelessly prejudiced. Who then?

Exactly. The League of Nations. "The future lies with the policies which can be publicly avowed, and with the union of those who commit themselves to these avowable policies. To remain out of the League at this juncture, is to forfeit one's share in the critical half-hour of world politics."

And then the subtly quoted invitation: "Hang yourself, brave Crillon! We fought at Arques, and you were not there."

But would it be possible for Crillon to feel that perhaps, even in going to Geneva, he might be resigning "the affairs of the world to the contest of interests and Powers"?

A New Utopia

THE YEAR OF REGENERATION. Sponsored by JAMES COOPER LAWRENCE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

SOMEWHAT bitterly, Dean Lawrence of the University of Minnesota calls his book "an improbable fiction." For it purports to tell (from documents discovered in 1983) the story of the ending of the depression and the thorough reorganization of American political and economic life, by a process of events starting last March and ending next March. The fiction, however, is only a third of the book; the rest, the "Selected Notes," embodies some of Dr. Lawrence's reflections on what he learned as a member of the President's Emergency Committee for Employment (what employment?) in the winter of 1930-31. One thing he learned, apparently, was dissatisfaction with Herbert Hoover; for the regeneration of the country, promoted by a secret order known as the Sons of Liberty, began with the resignation of the President—also of the Vice-President, the Cabinet, and most of the members of Congress. Simultaneously all the lobbyists, press agents, and propagandists in Washington were interned off the Florida coast—something which Dr. Lawrence appears to consider an essential preliminary to national salvation. (The Sons of Liberty had begun their crusade by simultaneous and anonymous telegrams to the President, ambiguously remarking, "May your labors be rewarded with the success they deserve"; which White House publicity twisted into "telegrams from outstanding leaders endorsing the President's program as adequate to meet the situation and pledging support").

But how was this general housecleaning accomplished? Here, unfortunately, Dr. Lawrence has to call in a miracle. A scientist belonging to the Sons of Liberty had invented Veritol, a drug which affected nerve centers so that its victims "tried to see the truth and speak the truth," and also experienced "a marked weakening of self-interest." When this deadly poison was introduced into the Washington water supply, and released in its volatile form in the White House and elsewhere, office holders immediately behaved as you and I deceive ourselves into thinking we should behave if we were office holders. Thus the way was cleared for a new set of rulers and a series of radical reforms, on whose desirability the "Selected Notes" are a commentary.

The first and chief of these reforms was the Civil Draft by which the whole population was reclassified—on the basis of a man's or woman's own ambition as reviewed and checked by a draft board of neighbors—into five groups. The first was artists, professional men, and technicians; the second farmers, industrial workers, and business men; the fourth, legitimate dependents; and the fifth, criminals, defectives, and recalcitrants, who were rigorously segregated and forbidden to reproduce their kind. Class III is apparently Dr. Lawrence's cure for unemployment; they were the marginals, the not-quite-good-enough, who were assigned to subsistence farming and fabrication, with the state providing the capital to give them a start, and provision made for possible reclassification for them or their descendants.

The author is unimpressed by the idea

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